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How Winnie Hatched the Little Rooks

As told by Queen Crosspatch

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Sara Crewe," "Editha's Burglar," etc., etc.

With Illustrations by Harrison Cady

Now please to remember that it is a Fairy who wrote this story—a real Fairy—just as real as you are yourself—because if you don't remember it will make me scold like anything.

I AM a little cross to begin with but I believe I shall get better as I go on with my story about Winnie and the little rooks, because it is such a nice story. You will scarcely believe what a nice story it is. But I feel cross because just as I was passing through the Crystal Hall in my palace to go to Rose Garden and begin to write I suddenly caught sight of a tiny little ragged black creature hiding behind one of the glittering crystal chairs and kicking its legs about and dancing and giggling in the most impudent way, and I heard it cackle at me as it peeped in and out.

"He-he-he—kee-e-e-e! She thinks she is going to write a book."

And I saw it was nothing more or less than my little Temper, the one I lost out of my silver cage, and he looked so tattered and ragged and black and ugly and saucy that I am sure I should have begun to scream and stamp my feet but that I remembered quickly, that I had made up my mind to keep myself quite quiet until some day I could pounce upon him and catch him when he was n't expecting it and just snip him into his silver cage again and shut the door. I had the silver cage with me that minute, swinging at my waist by a tiny diamond

chain and the ugly little Imp caught sight of it and you should have seen him kick up his heels and shout:

*"Oh! tinkery—tinkery—winkery wee
She's got her cage and she thinks she'll
get me!
Well, tinkery—tinkery. We shall see."*

I stopped a moment and almost stamped but I remembered again and clinched my teeth and flounced past him, and I am glad to say that he was so frightened that he tumbled over and lay sprawling and kicking on his back.

Then I went to the Rose Garden and found the Respectable person waiting for me and I sat down and ordered her to Spell what I told her about Winnie.

And this is it:

Winnie was one of the nicest little girls I ever knew. She was only five and she was a round little thing. She had a round little face and round very blue eyes, and round red curls all over her head, and she had a round rosy button of a mouth, and round fat legs, and a round little body as plump as a robin redbreast's.

She lived in a big castle and her nursery was in a tower and her nurse Binny lived in it with her. She had no papa and mamma and the castle really belonged to her but she was not old enough to care about that, because she had so many other things to care about. She cared

about Binny who was fat and had a comfortable lap and could sing songs and tell stories, and she cared about the thousands and thousands of primroses and bluebells which grew in the park round the castle, and she cared about the deer with horns and their wives who had no horns and the little fawn children who skipped about under the trees. But most of all she cared about the birds and was always asking Binny questions about them. One day when Winnie and Binny were walking together Binny stopped by a hedge and said:

"There is a thrush's nest with four eggs in it, in that hedge."

"Oh! Binny!" said Winnie, "do lift me up and let me look at it."

"No," said Binny. "If the eggs' mother saw us do it, she would go away and never sit on the eggs again, and they would starve to death."

Then Winnie dragged her away by the hand and ran as fast as her round little legs would carry her. When she stopped running, her very blue eyes were rounder than ever.

"If the eggs' father was flying about and saw

or cousins, would they tell the mother and would she never sit on the eggs again and would they starve to death?"

"That's just what would happen," said Binny. So from that time, when Winnie went walking with Binny, she always turned her face quite away from the hedges for fear a mother bird would think she was looking at her eggs and would go away and leave them to starve to death.

She was always watching birds, but I think she watched the rooks most. That was because she could look out of her window in the tower and see the Rookery where they lived. Rooks are big black birds who always fly in flocks and build their nests near each other in the tops of tall trees. A great many rooks built their nests in some trees Winnie could see from her window and she used to sit and watch them every day. In the morning when she heard them begin to say "Caw-w! Ca-aw! Ca-aw!" She would run to the window and call out:

"Binny! Binny! the rooks are getting up and going to breakfast."

Then she would watch and see first one glossy black rook come out of his nest and stand among the green leaves and shake his wings and preen his glossy black feathers with his beak. And then he would "Caw! Caw!" to his wife until she came out and sat among the leaves and smoothed out her glossy black feathers, and then they would Ca-aw! Ca-aw! Caw! to their neighbors in the other branches and then they would Caw to the rooks in the next tree, and the next and the next, and the rooks would keep getting up and answering, until all the trees in the Rookery were full of rooks, all Cawing as if they were talking about the weather. But Binny told Winnie they were saying things like this:

*"I know where there's lots to eat
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw!
I know where there's a field of wheat
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw!
The farmer sows that he may reap
But the Scarecrow's nodding and fast
asleep,
Who cares for the Scarecrow!"*

And at last they would all rise together flapping their wings and fly away over the tree tops like a black cloud, and Binny said they were laughing at the idea of being frightened of the Scarecrow the farmer put in the field to keep them from stealing his wheat.

Winnie always watched them until they were out of sight and she could hear them cawing no more.



"WINNIE WAS ONE OF THE NICEST LITTLE GIRLS I EVER KNEW."

us, would he tell the mother?" she said, all out of breath with running.

"I daresay he would," answered Binny.

"And if the eggs' aunt saw us, or their uncles

Then about sunset she liked to be at the window to watch them come home to sleep. First she would see a little black cloud in the sky and then it would come nearer and nearer, until she saw it was made of rooks all flying together, back to their nests in the high, high old trees. Then Binny told Winnie they were saying things like this:

*"Flying and fun and food all day,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw,
Flying and fun and meat and play,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw,
We've sat on the backs of fat old sheep,
High up in our tree tops."*

And oh! what fun it was to see them settle down for the night. What a fuss they made cawing and talking and flapping their wings. When the last of them had got into his nest with his wife, and the cawing had stopped, everything seemed so quiet that Winnie was quite ready to get into her nest and sleep as they did. She loved the rooks because there were so many of them, and they seemed to live so near her. She used to feel as if they knew she was watching them from the tower window.

At last one day Binny said to her.

"The mother rooks are beginning to sit on their eggs."

Winnie gave a little jump and scrambled down from the window seat.

"Then I must n't look at them," she said, "I must n't look at them."

"Yes, you can look at them from here," Binny answered. "They can't see you. Get up in your seat again. There's a mother on the nest in the top of that nearest tree."

Winnie scrambled back full of joy. There was a nest in the nearest tree and she could see a bit of it and Mr. Rook was sitting near it and talking to his wife.

And he said this: (I told Binny and Binny told Winnie.)

*"Spread out my dear, tuck in your legs,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw;
Attend to your business—eggs is eggs,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw;
It's not the first time you've been told
That if you let your eggs get cold,
We shall have to send for the doctor."*

For the next two days Winnie sat and watched and watched. She wanted to sit in the window seat all day and she asked Binny questions and questions.

Because I was so fond of her I sent some of my Fairies to push the leaves aside near Mrs.

Rook's nest so that she could see better. She began to feel as if she was the eggs' mother herself and was quite anxious when Mrs. Rook went away for a minute.



"BINNY SAID THEY WERE LAUGHING AT THE IDEA OF BEING FRIGHTENED OF A SCARECROW."

One day when she was watching from her window she suddenly saw a boy standing beneath the tree and looking up. All at once he began to scramble up it and he scrambled very fast.

"He will frighten Mrs. Rook," cried Winnie to Binny.

"He is going to steal the eggs," said Binny.

"Run as fast as you can," Winnie said, "and tell him he must n't—he must n't."

Binny ran as fast as she could, but by the time she got to the foot of the tree the boy was at the top of it. Winnie saw him put out his hand and she gave a little scream as Mrs. Rook flew up with a loud cry, and sailed away to find Mr. Rook and tell him what had happened.

"Come down! come down!" Binny called up from the foot of the tree. "How dare you touch the rook's eggs!"

The boy looked down and was very frightened when he saw the fat nurse from the castle

scolding him. He thought she might send for the village policeman and he put the eggs back and scrambled down faster than he had scrambled up. And Binny caught him and boxed his ears before he ran away.

When she went back to the nursery in the tower Winnie was crying.

"Mrs. Mother Rook will never come back and the eggs will starve to death," she said.

And she sat and watched and watched, and



"MR. ROOK WAS SITTING NEAR THE NEST AND TALKING TO HIS WIFE."

Binny sat and watched and watched. Mrs. Rook and Mr. Rook came and flew about and cawed and talked to the other rooks and everybody cawed and scolded, but go back to that nest Mrs. Rook would not.

"When the sun goes down they will get cold," wept Winnie. "Oh! I wish I could go and keep them warm myself." She covered her very blue eyes with her very fat hands.

"If a Fairy would only come and help me," she cried. "Nobody but a Fairy could help me."

The very minute I heard her say that I flew on to her window ledge and let her see me.

"Just look at me," I said.

"Oh! you are a Fairy!" she gasped, and

then she called out, "Binny, Binny! here is a Fairy!" But Binny had gone out of the room. I did not want her interfering.

"I am glad you know a Fairy when you see one," I said. "Would you really like to sit on the nest and keep the eggs warm?"

In the nest on the top of the tree?" said Winnie, all in a flutter.

"Yes, I answered. "Would you like to sit on them until they change into baby rooks, and then would you like to teach them to fly?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" said Winnie. "But I can't fly myself, Fairy. And Binny would n't let me climb up the tree."

I just turned round and blew my tiny golden trumpet, I blew it once, I blew it twice, I blew it three times. And suddenly Winnie saw a flock of lovely green things she thought were butterflies. They came flying and flying. They were my Working Fairies, dressed in their green working-smocks. They all stood in a row before me on the window ledge and made a bow and they sang together:

"Fairies are real, Fairies are true.

What shall we do? What shall we do?"

"Get out your tools," I ordered them, "and make this young lady small enough to sit on a rook's nest."

They took their tiny silver hammers out of their tool bags and they began to work. Their taps were so tiny that Winnie did not feel them and only laughed as they flew up and down her and worked and worked, darting about and all talking at once, so it sounded as if a whole hive of bees were buzzing.

Winnie held out her hand which was covered by a swarm of them and she laughed and laughed.

"Oh! how pretty they are!" she said. "Binny! Binny! do come and see! I am covered with Fairies!"

"Hush," I said, "and stand still. There is a great deal to be done."

Presently she began to grow smaller and smaller and in a few minutes she was quite small enough to sit on a nest.

"Now," I said, "you are ready to go."

"But what will Binny do when she misses me?" she asked.

"Binny will not know," I answered. "I am going to leave an Imitation Winnie in your place."

Then her very blue eyes grew rounder and rounder.

"Oh!" she said.

But I knew my business and I called to one of my Working Fairies:

"Tip, can you turn yourself into a little girl?"
He looked ashamed of himself and wriggled.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten how, Your Ma-



"BINNY CAUGHT HIM AND BOXED HIS EARS
BEFORE HE RAN AWAY."

jesty," he stuttered. I stamped my foot hard and called to another one:

"Nip, can you?"

He began to wriggle too and tried to slink behind the others.

"I—I—never learned, Ma-am," he stammered.

Think how disgraceful. It shows what Fairyland is coming to.

"Rip! Skip! Trip!" I called out, and they all wriggled and tried to slink because none of them could do it, and I was just going to fly into a rage and scream when a very tiny one called Kip stepped forward looking very red.

"I've been practising three hours a day if you please 'm," he said.

"Then do it this minute," I commanded.

He went and stood in the middle of the room and began. He puffed and he fluffed and he puffed and he fluffed until one of his legs was round and fat like Winnie's. Then he fluffed and he puffed and he fluffed and he puffed until the other one was like it.

Then he puffed and he fluffed until his body was round and plump. Then he puffed until his arms were round, and he fluffed until he had a round rosy face. Then he puffed and fluffed and huffed all at once until short red curls came out all over his head, and he had very blue eyes and a mouth like a rose button. And when he had done he stood there and looked exactly like Winnie.

"There," he panted out, "but my word, it was hard."

"If he stays here until I come back, Binny will never know I have been away," said Winnie.

"Of course she won't," I said. "What do you suppose I made him do it for! He is the Imitation Winnie. Now we must go or the eggs will be cold."

I touched her on the shoulder and a lovely pair of wings sprang out.

"Just try flying around the room a few times," I said. She stood on her tip-toes and gave a



ONE OF QUEEN CROSSPATCH'S WORKING FAIRIES.

few flaps and sailed up to the ceiling and round and round.

"How easy it is," she said. "Oh! how beautiful!"

"Now fly right out of the window and we will come with you," I said, "and take you to your nest."

But when she flew to the window ledge she stopped a moment to speak to Imitation Winnie.

"Be very nice to Binny," she said, "and always say 'please.'"

She flew right out of the window and when she got outside, flying was so delightful that she felt as if she would like to fly up into the sky. But she flew straight to the rook's nest.

It was high up in a lovely tree and when she lighted upon the branch among all the waving, rustling green leaves she laughed for joy. There were green branches below her and green branches above her and green branches all round her, and all the trees in the Rookery touched each other, and the blue sky was quite close, and there was the nest with the lovely eggs lying there waiting for her.

"I hope they are not cold, Fairy," she said, and she put her hand on them. They were not cold but they would have been if they had waited much longer. Then she settled down in the nest like a mother-bird. She spread out her little flouncy embroidered frock and fussed and



"WINNIE FLEW STRAIGHT TO THE ROOK'S NEST."

fussed until nothing could have been warmer than the eggs were.

"They won't get cold now," she said. "I'll love them and love them until they think I am



"WINNIE COULD HEAR TWO NIGHTINGALES SINGING."

their real mother." All the Working Fairies crowded round in their green smocks with their little hammers and picks over their shoulders and looked at her. They kept nudging each other and smiling delightedly. They had never seen a little girl sit on a nest before.

"Good-night," I said to her.

Then all the Working Fairies said:

"Good-night. Good-night. Good-night. Good-night," in low singing silvery voices, and we all flew away.

The nest was very comfortable and the eggs grew warmer and warmer, the top of the tree rocked like a cradle, the wind whispered through the branches like a nurse saying:

"Sh—sh—sh," and in the park Winnie could hear two nightingales singing. She lay and watched the stars twinkling in the blue sky above her head until her eyes closed and she fell fast asleep. When she awakened, the sun was just getting up out of a rosy cloud, and all the air seemed full of birds singing. The rooks were cawing and flapping about, and suddenly she found she could understand what they were saying.

I had not told her about it but I had taught her rook language in her sleep.

A very handsome, glossy young rook had alighted upon a branch close to her nest and was looking and looking at her. When she opened her eyes he said this:

*"My goodness me! I am surprised
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw,
Till now I never realized,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw,
That lady Rooks could be pink and white,
With feathers of snow and eyes so bright,
It really sets me fluttering.
Such a lady rook I have never seen,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw,
Such a lady rook sure has never been,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw.
I really can think of nothing to say,
I feel so shy I could fly away.
My gracious! I hope she'll admire me."*

Winnie sat up and smiled at him.

"Are you my Rook husband?" she asked

He put his claw up to hide his blushes of joy and fluttered about on his branch.

"Are you?" said Winnie, and she pushed her flouncy little frock aside so that he could see the eggs.

"You see I am sitting," she explained, "and when I hatch, I shall be obliged to have a Rook husband to go and get things for the children to eat. Binny says that you'd be surprised to see how much they do eat. If you are not my husband will you be him?"

"Oh! Caw! May I?" said the young gentleman rook.

"I should like to have you very much," said Winnie. "You are a beautiful rook. Do come close and let me stroke you. I have always wanted to stroke a rook. But they never will let you."

The young gentleman rook came sidling along and stood by her with his head on one side. And you never saw anything like the airs and graces he put on when Winnie stroked him. He asked to see the eggs again and Winnie showed them to him.

"Do you think I ought to wash them every morning?" she said. "Or would they take cold if I did?"

"I am afraid they would," he said. "I never was washed."

When I came with my Working Fairies to bring her a Fairy breakfast he was sailing about over her head and flapping his wings and cawing and showing off in a perfectly ridiculous manner. He actually wanted to fly at my Working Fairies and peck them away.

"Get away, green butterflies!" he cawed, "Don't bother my wife."

But I soon brought him to order.

"Green butterflies indeed!" I scolded. "They are my Fairies—and what is more you would never have seen this new kind of lady rook if I had not brought her here. I am Queen Crosspatch—Queen Silver-bell as was. He was frightened then. They all knew me.

"I sent him here to be company for you," I said to Winnie.

"Oh! thank you," she said. "He is so nice. He lets me stroke him."



"A VERY HANDSOME, GLOSSY YOUNG ROOK WAS LOOKING AT HER."

He was so pleased and she was so pleased that I knew I need not trouble myself about them. Every time I went to see Winnie she talked about her Rook husband, or else I found him sitting close to her cawing softly while she stroked him, or sat with her hand on his neck. He said that none of the other rooks had such a happy home. I never saw a bird as sentimental. He said his one trouble was that he was not a nightingale, so that he could sing to her all the night while she was sitting. He tried it once, though I told him not to do it, and Winnie had to ask him to stop. She could not go to sleep herself and it made all the other rooks in the Rookery so angry, and besides she was afraid he might waken the eggs. It was

beautiful sitting on that nest, rocking softly on the tree tops and looking up at the sky. All sorts of birds used to stop to talk and sing; squirrels came scuffling up to call and bring ready cracked nuts; and bees came and hummed and hummed about flowers and hives,

"Whenever you hear the least little tapping sound, tell me," he said, "because that will mean one is beginning to break his shell." He would scarcely go out to get things to eat. He was so afraid of being away when she hatched. One beautiful sunny morning he was sitting



HARRIS-N-LADY

"ALL SORTS OF BIRDS, BESIDES SQUIRRELS AND BEES, CAME TO CALL."

and the lady rooks who were sitting on their nests in the other branches, told Winnie story after story about the lovely places they flew to when they were not busy with families.

She grew fonder and fonder of her rook husband. He loved her so much and was so proud of her, he would have done anything for her, and he was so delighted with the eggs.

near her being stroked when she gave a little jump.

"Oh! I am sure I heard a tap!"

Then she gave another little jump and said:

"Oh! I am sure I heard a crack!"

And when she pushed her flouncy little frock aside there was a baby rook scrambling and kicking out of his shell, and in a few minutes

more, another, who was perhaps a sister, both of them with nothing on but pin feathers and with their mouths wide open. Then there



"THE MINUTE THEY FOUND THEMSELVES FALLING, THEY BEGAN TO FLUTTER AND FLAP THEIR WINGS."

began to be work for Mr. Rook to do. He had to fly and fly and fly and bring food to drop into their mouths, and the more he brought the more they wanted and the wider their mouths opened and the more they squawked and cried. He worked so hard that drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, but he was so proud that he never grumbled at all.

"You *are* a good husband," Winnie said.

"But just think how patiently you have sat on them," he answered smiling at her with his head on one side. I can tell you they both had to work before the baby rooks were fledged. They were restless, kicking babies, and Winnie had to fuss and fuss and tuck them in every few minutes to keep them from falling out of the nest and tumbling from the tree top. I used to send a guard of my Working Fairies to stand round the nest and help her. Every morning at six o'clock I used to go to see her and give her good advice.

"Make Mr. Rook peck them if they won't behave themselves," I said to her.

But she spoiled them dreadfully.

"Oh! no!" she would say. "They are so little and they have no feathers yet." And she would fuss and fuss and spread her flouncy little frock out and cover them up as if they had been little golden rooks instead of squawky little things with big mouths and bare backs. But she was so glad that she had saved them from being starved to death that she even thought they were pretty.

One morning I went and found her in a great flutter. The baby rooks were fledged and Mr. Rook had told her they must be taught to fly. But when he made them come out and stand on the tree they were so frightened that they would not stir and even tried to scuffle back into the nest under Winnie's flouncy little frock.

"Oh! do you think they are big enough?"



"BINNY COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY SO MANY ROOKS USED TO COME AND FLY ABOUT THE NURSERY WINDOW AND SIT ON THE WINDOW LEDGE."

she said. "Suppose they should fall from the tree top."

"If they fall they will begin to flap their wings, and if they flap their wings they will

How Winnie Hatched the Little Rooks

find out they can fly," said Mr. Rook. "I think I'll give the eldest a little push."

"Oh! don't!" cried Winnie.

So he talked to them and argued and flew about to show them how to use their wings and he said:

*"Come off the tree you silly things,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw.
The only way to use your wings,
Caw, Ca-aw, Caw,
Is to know that you were made to fly
And then flap and sail into the sky,
For that's all there is in flying."*

But they shivered and squawked and clung to Winnie until I began to scold them. And after I had scolded them I just marched up to the eldest one and gave him a push myself. He gave a big squawk and tumbled and his brother tumbled after him, for I gave him a push too. And of course the minute they found themselves falling, they began to flutter and flap their wings, and they found out they could fly and they just fluttered and flapped gently to the ground at the foot of their tree, and there they stood squawking and cawing and boasting to each other about their cleverness, and saying they knew they could do it. Mr. Rook flew down to them of course and Winnie was left alone.

"Oh!" she cried. "The nest feels so empty. Will they never come back?"

"They will never come back to stay," I answered.

"But I will make them come and visit you on your tower window ledge. And I am sure Mr. Rook would visit you whether I made him or not."

"Well I did hatch them, did n't I?" said Winnie, "and they did n't starve to death, and I am very fond of Binny—very."

The next evening after Binny had gone to bed, I took her back. She kissed Mr. Rook a good many times and he told her he would come to see her three times a day.

When we flew into the nursery window,

Imitation Winnie was in bed waiting for us and was very glad to see us. She wanted to turn into Kip again.

But the first thing was to make Winnie the right size once more—the size Binny was accustomed to. So my Working Fairies began. They swarmed all over her like bees and began to pull and tap and puff her out—and in a few minutes there she was standing quite big enough to put on Imitation Winnie's nightgown and get into Imitation Winnie's bed, so that Binny would find her all right when she came in the next morning.

"Oh! it has been nice," said Winnie as she cuddled down into her frilled pillow. "I never shall forget how lovely it is to rock in a nest in a tree top."

When she told Binny about it Binny believed she had been dreaming. Of course she had never known she had been away because Imitation Winnie had looked exactly like her and had always said "please."

But there was one thing she could never understand and that was why so many rooks used to come and fly about the nursery window and sit on the window ledge. They actually seemed to love Winnie, particularly one very glossy handsome young gentleman rook, who called there three times a day and was so tame that he used to perch on her shoulder or stand quite still with his head on one side while she stroked him.

So you see that is the story of one of the things that would never have happened if Fairies had not been real and much cleverer than People.

The next story I am going to write is about two dolls' houses and the doll families who lived in them—and I know both families well. One doll's house was a grand one and one was a shabby, disreputable one. And one doll family I liked, and the other doll family I did n't like. And you will have to read the story and find out for yourself—if you have sense enough—which was the nice one.

Queen Crosspatch





A SONG OF POPCORN

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER.



Sing a song of popcorn
When the snow-storms rage;
Fifty little brown men
Put into a cage.
Shake them till they laugh
and leap,
Crowding to the top;
Watch them burst their
little coats-
Pop! Pop! Pop!



Sing a song of popcorn
In the firelight:
Fifty little fairies
Robed in fleecy white.
Through the shining wires see
How they skip & prance;
To the music of the
flames:
Dance, dance,
dance.



Albertine
Randall
Wheeler

Sing a song of popcorn-
Done the frolicing;
Fifty little fairies
Strung upon a
string.

Cool & happy, hand in hand
Sugar-spangled, fair,
Isn't that a necklace fit
For any child to
wear?

The Crimson Sweater

By Ralph Henry Barbour

With Illustrations by C. M. Relyea

CHAPTER XXVII

THE GAME WITH HAMMOND

Ferry Hill

EATON, 2b
BACON, ss
THURLOW, 3b
PRYOR, lf
KIRBY, cf
PATTEN, 1b
COLE, c
WELCH, rf
POST, p

Hammond

MULLEN, 3b
O'MEARA, ss
STONE, cf
YOUNG, rf
HARTLEY, 1b
HYDE, 2b
TAFT, lf
SMITH, c
ROLLINS, p

POST showed his ability in that first inning. Not a man reached first. Three strikes and out was the invariable rule, and Ferry Hill went wild with joy. If Post could serve Hammond's best batters in such fashion what hope was there for her tail-enders?

But Post was not the only one who could strike out batsmen. In the second half of the inning Rollins disposed of Chub, Bacon and Thurlow in just the same fashion, and so far the honors were even. Ferry Hill, who had loyally cheered each of the warriors as they stepped to the plate, looked less elated. The game speedily resolved itself into a pitchers' battle in which Rollins had slightly the better of it. Two innings passed without a man getting safely to first base. Then Sid, who was still rather bulky in spite of the hard work he had been through, got in the way of one of Rollins' in-shoots and trotted to first ruefully rubbing his hip. He made a valiant effort to profit by Post's scratch hit to shortstop but was easily thrown out at second. Not satisfied with this, Hammond played the double, catching Post a foot from the base. That was the last of the third. So far the game had dragged along uninterestingly. But now things began to happen, and at the end of fourth inning Hammond had scored twice while Ferry Hill had piled up another goose egg.

Again, in the fifth, Hammond scored and an error went down in Thurlow's column. Ferry Hill had begun to have listless moments which boded ill for success. Errors were becoming too frequent to be merely accidents; it was a case of discouragement. Post, however, in

spite of the gradual weakening of most of the nine, held up his end nobly. And Chub never for a moment eased his pace. But the rest of the team, if we except Cole, who was catching Post steadily and well, was plainly suffering from a fit of stage-fright. Whether the attack was to be temporary or permanent remained to be seen. Ferry Hill's supporters were getting uneasy; three runs to nothing seemed a pretty long lead with the game more than half over!

Cole got his round of applause when he stepped to bat in the last of the fifth and it seemed to hearten him. Rollins was still pitching the best of ball, but Cole was a weak batter and the Hammond twirler proposed to rest his muscles when the chance afforded. So he started out to dispose of Cole with as little effort as possible. The first two deliveries went by and were called balls. Then came a strike; then another ball. It was time for Rollins to get down to work. Cole let the next one pass him, hoping that it would give him his base, but the umpire announced strike two. Cole gripped his bat a little farther toward the end and got ready. Smith, the Hammond catcher, read this to mean that he was resolved to strike at the next ball no matter what it looked like and signalled for a drop. It came. The umpire glanced at his tally and waved toward first.

"Four balls!" he called.

Roy and the other cheer leaders leaped to their feet as Cole trotted down the line.

"Start it going now!" cried Roy. "Regular cheer and make it good!"

They made it good. Then they made it better. Chub, back of first, was begging Cole to take a longer lead and assuring him that Rollins would n't throw. Sid selected his bat and stepped up to the plate. There was one excellent thing about Sid; he did n't know what it was to get really nervous. He had his instructions to sacrifice and proceeded to do so by hitting the first ball thrown and trickling it slowly toward third. Third baseman and pitcher both made for it with the result that each interfered with the other and when the ball reached second Cole had been there for ages. And Sid, to his own surprise, was safe on first.

With none out it looked like a score at last, and the cheering became continuous. But Post, although a good pitcher and clever fielder, was a miserable batter. It took just four balls, three of them straight over the plate, to send him back to the bench.

Chub went to the bat looking determined. With two foul strikes on him and two balls he found something he liked the looks of and let go at it. It resolved itself into a long high fly to deep center. Stone was under it in time to gather it in, but not in time to field it home to prevent Cole from scoring. Ferry Hill jumped and shouted. They had made a run at last! Then Bacon tried to bunt Sid home and himself to first and only succeeded in rolling the ball out for a foul. After that he swung at a drop and missed it. He let the next two go by and found the fifth delivery for a safe drive in to shortstop's territory, a drive so hard and ugly that it was beyond handling. Sid romped home like a Percheron colt and Bacon got to first. Thurlow killed time until Bacon had stolen second and then in an effort to knock the cover off the ball merely sent up a pop fly that was easily pulled down by second baseman. That ended the fifth inning, but Ferry Hill was vastly more encouraged. Two to three is n't so bad; a run would tie the score.

But they were reckoning without Mr. Right Fielder Young. Mr. Right Fielder Young started the sixth in a way that made the Hammond supporters hug themselves and each other ecstatically. He drove out a three-bagger over Kirby's head. Then when Hartley found Post's first delivery for two bases, sending Young home, the Ferry Hill pitcher went up into the air. Hyde advanced Hartley and went out himself at first. Taft waited and trotted to first and the bases were full. Things looked dark for the home team just then. But there was some comfort in the fact that the batters coming up now were the poorest of the Hammond string.

Smith, Hammond's catcher, knocked a weak liner which Bacon got on the bound and fielded home in time to cut off Hartley. Ferry Hill took heart and cheered. Rollins came to bat, struck at the first ball pitched and sent a foul far back of the boards. Post steadied down now; possibly he forgot his nervousness in his desire to even matters with Rollins for the summary way in which that youth had dealt with him. Post scored another strike against his rival and then Rollins let go at an out-shoot.

The ball bounded off the tip end of the bat and went whirling along the first base line. Rollins lit out in the track of the ball. To field it Patten had to run up a few steps directly in Rollins' path. He got the ball on a low bound

and tried to step aside and tag Rollins as he passed. He tagged him all right but he did n't get out of his way in time, and the runner with head down collided with him and sent him sprawling three yards away. The inning was over, but Patten was in a bad way. Rollins' head had struck him between chest and shoulder and as a result his shoulder blade was broken. It was not serious, said the doctor, but it ended his playing for that day. Patten begged to have his shoulder bandaged and be allowed to return to the game, but the doctor would n't consider the idea for a moment. And Chub, watching Patten being led away to the gymnasium for repairs, felt as though the very bottom had fallen out of things!

Pryor opened the last of the sixth with a "Texas Leaguer" behind first that gave him his base with seconds to spare. But Kirby went out on strikes. Carpenter, a substitute batting in Patten's place, followed suit and the inning came to an inglorious end when Cole sent a liner straight into Rollins' glove.

Chub brought Kirby in from center to first and placed Carpenter in center. Kirby was not a wonderful baseman by any means, but he was the best at Chub's command. Carpenter was merely a common or garden variety of player who could n't be depended on to hit the ball, but could pull down flies when they came near him and field them home with some chance of their reaching the plate in course of time. Chub was pretty well discouraged by this time; only Mr. Cobb kept a cheerful countenance.

"It's never over until the whistle blows," he said. And Chub was too miserable to notice that the coach had confused baseball with football.

The seventh opened with the score four to two and ended with it seven to three. For Post went quite to pieces and the only wonder was that Hammond did n't score six runs instead of three. Mullen, the head of the Hammond batting list, found Post for two bases, O'Meara, the captain, hit him for two more, scoring Mullen, and Stone hit safely to right field. Sid could n't get under that ball in time, but he did field it back so as to keep O'Meara on third. Then Post presented Young with his base, and the bags were full. Hartley hit to Bacon and a double resulted, O'Meara scoring. Hyde, after hitting up six fouls, none of which were capable of being caught, lined out a hot ball that escaped Chub by a foot. Stone scored the third run of the inning. Then Taft obligingly brought the slaughter to an end by putting a foul into Cole's mitten.

Sid opened the last half of the seventh for Ferry Hill by a splendid drive into deep left

field that brought a throb of hope to the breasts of the wavers of the brown and white flags. But stupid coaching by Bacon resulted in his being caught off of first. Post surprised everyone by hitting to third and reaching his base ahead of a slowly fielded ball. Chub fled out to left-fielder. Bacon got his base on balls. Thurlow hit weakly to second who tried to tag his base, slipped and fell and only recovered his footing in time to keep Post from scoring. Pryor knocked a high fly back of third which that baseman allowed to go over his head and Post came in with Ferry Hill's third tally. Kirby struck out. Score, 7—3.

HARRY had viewed proceedings with a sinking heart and when Post went to pieces, making it evident that Kirby would have to be taken from first and placed in the box if only to keep the opponents from entirely running away with the game, she felt desperate. Perhaps she would have continued to feel that way with nothing resulting had she not, while glancing dejectedly about her, spied Horace Burlen in the throng below her. Post had just reached first at the moment and in the resulting delight Harry's departure was not noticed by the Doctor or his wife. She called to Horace over the heads of the throng surrounding him.

"Horace! Please come here a minute. I want to speak to you!"

When he had made his way out of the crowd and joined her she led him to a quiet corner at the back of the stand. Harry's cheeks were flushed and her eyes were sparkling excitedly.

"Horace," she began breathlessly, "Kirby will have to pitch and there's no one to take his place on first! We'll be beaten as sure as anything if Roy does n't play. You've got to tell the truth to Dad, Horace!"

Horace flushed a little but only laughed carelessly.

"You've just got to, Horace!" she cried. "If you don't tell I will. I don't care if I did promise Roy!"

"Say, Harry, what's the matter with you?" Horace asked. "What are you going to tell?"

"About this!" She held up the crimson sweater before him. "You know what I mean, Horace, and there's no use in pretending you don't. You've got to go to Dad this minute and tell him!"

Horace's eyes fell and the blood rushed to his cheeks. He turned away.

"I can't stay here and talk nonsense with you," he muttered, "I want to see the game."

But Harry seized him by the arm.

"Why won't you own up, Horace?" she pleaded. "You might. Roy saved you and—"

"How did he?" asked Horace, pausing.

"Why, by not telling. He knew yesterday. But he would n't tell; he would n't let us tell; he said if he did you'd lose your place in the boat and we'd get beaten. He made us promise not to tell Dad, but I will, just the same, if you don't promise this minute to do it yourself!"

"I don't know anything about the sweater," muttered Horace.

"Oh you big fibber! Jack and Chub were—"



"IT'S ABOUT THIS," HORACE," SAID HARRY, AS SHE HELD UP THE CRIMSON SWEATER BEFORE HIM.

under the bed and saw you take it out of your trunk and put it under Roy's mattress! And we told Roy, and he would n't tell on you because he said—"

"Oh, I've heard all that once," he interrupted roughly. "I guess if he did n't tell he had a mighty good reason for it!"

"I've told you why he did n't!" cried Harry impatiently. "Do you suppose he *wanted* not to play to-day? He spared you and I think you might do that much to help him—and me—and the school."

"It was just a sort of joke," murmured Horace, his eyes on the ground. "I did n't know

it was going to cause so much bother." He laughed uncertainly. "What 's the good of making more rumpus now? Roy can't win the game; we 're beaten already."

"You don't know!" insisted Harry. "Anyhow, it would be only fair and square; and you want to be that, don't you, Horace?"

"And get fired?" he asked glumly. "Oh, sure!"

"You won't be fired! Why, it 's almost the end of school!"

Horace was silent a moment, his gaze on the diamond where the Hammond second baseman was picking himself up from the ground in a successful effort to head off Post at the plate.

"Look here, Harry," he said finally, "do you really think Roy kept quiet so that I could stay in the race? Honest injun?"

"I know he did! Chub and Jack will tell you the same thing! Honest and honest, Horace!"

There was another moment of hesitation. Then Horace squared his shoulders, laughed carelessly and turned away.

"All right, Harry," he said. "Lead me to the slaughter!"

"You go into the box," said Chub to Kirby, "and for goodness sake hold 'em down, old man! Post, you go out to center, will you? Who 've we got for first, sir?"

And Chub turned in perplexity to Mr. Cobb.

"Thurlow; let Reynolds take third."

Chub groaned.

"Maybe I 'd better try it myself, sir. And let Reynolds take second."

But Mr. Cobb shook his head.

"Won't do," he answered. "You 're needed where you are."

"All right. Where 's Reynolds? Hello, Roy! Is n't this the limit? If only you had n't been such an idiot!"

"Why?" asked Roy, his face one broad smile.

"Why? Why! Oh, go to thunder! Because if you were playing first we would n't be in such a hole, that 's why."

"I 'm going to," answered Roy.

"Going to what?"

"Play first, if you want me to."

"Want you to!" shouted Chub. "But what about Emmy?"

"He 's given me permission. Horace has 'fessed up. It 's all right."

Chub hugged him violently and deliriously.

"Oh, good boy!" he cried. "It 's all right, sir!" he called to Mr. Cobb. "We won't need Reynolds. Porter 's going to play!"

Mr. Cobb hurried across from the bench and nearly wrenched Roy's hand off.

"Doctor willing, is he? That 's good! That 's fine! Do your best, Porter, do your best. Eaton 's a bit discouraged, but I tell him it 's not over till the whistle—that is, till the umpire—er—Well, good luck!" And the coach hurried over to the scorer to arrange the new batting list.

"Come on, fellows!" cried Chub. Let's win this old game right here!"

And Ferry Hill trotted out to the field for the first of the eighth.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CRIMSON SWEATER DISAPPEARS

"SEVEN to three," muttered Roy as, drawing his big leather mitten on, he stepped to the base and held his hands out toward Kirby. "That 's four to make up to tie them." *Sock* came a ball against the hollow of his mitt. "If Kirby does his part, though, and they don't get any more runs, we 've got a chance." Back went the ball to the new pitcher and once more it flew across to Roy. "If I was n't surprised when Emmy sent for me! 'There seems to have been a mistake Porter,' he said. 'I trust I have not discovered it too late for the success of the nine. If you are wanted, take a hand, and good luck to you. Come and see me after supper.' What it means—(I beg pardon, Kirb; my fault!)—I don't know; unless Horace told on himself; he was there looking kind of down in the mouth. I 'm certain Harry did n't break her promise!"

"All right, fellows!" shouted Chub, throwing the practice ball to the umpire and trotting to his position. "After 'em hard now. We 're all back of you, Kirb!"

Cole settled his mask into place and Kirby sent three trial balls to him. Then Smith, the first of the Hammond batsmen, stepped into the box.

"Hello, you!" called Chub cheerfully as Roy edged over toward him. "It 's good to see you there, old chap. Get after 'em, Roy. We 're not beaten yet!"

"Not a bit of it!" answered Roy. "We 'll have them on the run in a minute."

A whole lot depended on Kirby, and everyone realized that fact. If he could pitch his best game and hold Hammond down to her present score there might be a chance of Ferry Hill's doing something in the next two innings. But Kirby had had but a few minutes of warming up work and might prove stiff. He got one strike on Smith and then sent him four balls, one after the other, seemingly unable to find the plate. Smith trotted to first, Chub called laughingly across to Kirby.

"That 's right, Kirb, give 'em a show."

Kirby smiled and dug his toe into the ground.

Rollins tapped the plate with his bat and shot a questioning look toward Smith on first. Kirby pitched wide, Cole slammed the ball down to Roy and Roy swung at the runner. But Smith was full-length in the dust with his fingers clutching a corner of the bag. Roy tossed the ball to Kirby. Smith crawled to his feet, dusted his clothes and took a new lead.

"Strike one!" droned the umpire.

Smith trotted back to the bag. The coach sent him off again.

"Take a lead, take a lead!" he shouted through his hands. "He won't throw it! Down with his arm, now! *Look out!*"

But the warning came too late. Kirby had turned suddenly and thrown swiftly, and Roy's downward swinging hand had found Smith a good six inches away from base.

"Out on first," said the umpire.

From the Ferry Hill side came the sound of clapping hands and cheering voices. Smith walked back to the bench and Roy, moistening his mitten in the inelegant but effective manner of the ball player, trotted out to his position.

"One gone, Cap!" he cried. "Let's have the next one!"

"All right, Roy. Next man, fellows!"

The next man was easy for Kirby. Rollins already had one strike and one ball on him and Kirby finished him up in short style, causing him to strike a full six inches above a deceptive drop and then putting a swift ball directly over the center of the plate and catching Rollins napping.

"Well, well," cried Chub merrily. "Only one more, Kirb. They can't touch you, old man!"

But that was n't quite so, for Mullins, the head of the rival batting list, touched him for two bases. O'Meara came up plainly resolved to do as well if not better, but only brought the first half to a close by popping up a high foul which Thurlow had no trouble with.

As the teams changed places the cheering broke out simultaneously from both sides of the diamond, and flags waved tumultuously.

"Who's at bat?" asked Chub as he trotted to the bench.

"Carpenter," answered the scorer. "No, I mean Porter."

"All right, Roy," said Chub.

"Take it easy," counseled Mr. Cobb. "All you want is to reach first. We'll get you on from there."

"What's he like?" asked Roy of Chub as he stooped to select his bat.

"Oh, kind of hard. Look out for slow balls; he's full of 'em and works 'em on you when you're least expecting 'em. You can hit him."

"Hope so," answered Roy as he selected his stick and walked to the plate. As he faced the Hammond pitcher, who grinned at him in probable recollection of the camp adventure, the Ferry Hill supporters started a cheer.

"Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Porter!"

Roy felt a little warning tingle in the region of his heart. Then he was swinging his bat back, for Rollins had undoubled and shot the ball forward. Chub staggered back out of its way.

"Ball!" droned the umpire.

Then came what was seemingly a straight delivery and Roy swung at it. But it went down so suddenly when a few feet from the plate that his bat traveled several inches above it and threw Roy off his balance. Hammond jeered and laughed.

"Don't try to slug, Roy!" called Chub. "Easy does it!"

And so it proved. Rollins sent a "teaser," one of his puzzling slow ones, but Roy had the good fortune to guess it before it reached the plate. He met it with an easy swing and made for first. Third baseman smothered it as it arose from the ground for the first bound and threw swiftly. But Roy was like a streak when it came to running bases, and this fact, coupled with the fact that first baseman had to step wide of the bag to get the throw, made him safe. Chub raced over to coach and seized the moment while the pitcher was returning to his box to whisper instructions.

"Don't wait for a hit; steal on the first ball."

Cole appeared at the plate and Chub retreated to the coacher's box and knelt on the ground.

"Not too far," he counseled anxiously. "Watch out! Wait for the hit. Charlie'll send you down."

Rollins looked over at him, but did n't throw. The new player was plainly timid and would n't give much trouble. So he turned his attention to Cole. Roy pranced nervously about on his toes a scant yard from base while the pitcher doubled himself into a knot. Then, as the arm began to drop swiftly, Roy leaped forward and shot for second.

"He's gone!" cried the infielders.

Cole swung at the ball, which was a drop, the Hammond catcher found it near the ground, side-stepped and sent it swiftly down to second. Unfortunately for success, he delivered it head-high to shortstop and in the moment that it took for the latter player to swing down with

it Roy found safety. Squatting on the bag he waited for proceedings to resume, dusting the brown soil from the front of his shirt and hearkening happily to the cheers which thundered from the Ferry Hill side. Then he was up and taking a good long lead in response to the appeals of Thurlow back of third. Rollins evidently felt sore, for Roy had done what few had succeeded in doing that spring; he prided himself on the fact that runners found it mighty hard work to steal bases on him! So he tried twice to catch Roy napping on second, but failed each time. Cole sent up a foul and then fanned out.

Sidney Welch took his place. Sid had made a good record to-day for a youngster and Roy looked for a hit. It came at once. Sid took a try at the first delivery and sent it speeding into short center field. Center slammed the ball down to third, but Roy was up again by the time it got there. Post came to bat looking determined. Roy danced along third base line and once narrowly escaped a put-out when Rollins slammed the ball over to third. Then Post let drive a straight one and lifted a high fly into short left field. He was caught out and neither Roy nor Sid had a chance to advance.

"Two gone!" shouted Cole over at first. "Everything goes!"

"You've got to score, Roy!" coached Thurlow. "Take a good lead now! That's it!"

Chub was at bat. Rollins sent a strike over. Chub tapped the plate. Sid edged farther away from first. Rollins pitched again.

"He's gone!" was the cry. "Watch home!" Sid was lighting out for second. Shortstop ran in and catcher threw down to him. Roy ran a few steps farther toward the home plate and stayed there, ready to go on or return to third. Sid doubled back for first. Shortstop sized up the situation, made as though to throw to third and then sent the ball to first. Sid turned again toward second. Roy was dancing about a third of the way home.

"Watch home!" shouted the catcher.

But first baseman did n't hear, or hearing thought he knew better what to do. Sid was between him and second baseman now, scrambling back and forth like a rat in a trap. First threw to second and—

"Home! Home!" shrieked the rest of the players.

Second threw home, but he threw wildly and the ball struck the ground to the left of the catcher and went bounding back toward the fence. Roy picked himself up and, patting the dust from his clothes, walked panting to the bench. Sid had reached third. Ferry Hill

shouted and capered and waved brown and white flags.

The scorer credited Ferry Hill with one more precious tally and Chub stepped smiling back into the box.

Rollins was the least bit rattled for the first time during the game. Chub found a nice one and Sid raced home. Out between right fielder and center fielder the ball fell to earth untouched and Chub was on first.

The cheering from the Ferry Hill side was wild and discordant, and it did n't stop for an instant until Chub was caught stealing second and put out two yards from the bag.

Ferry Hill's supporters were happier than they had been for an hour and a half. To be sure, Hammond was still two runs to the good, but seven to five sounded a whole lot nicer than seven to three; and, besides, Ferry Hill's best batsmen were coming up for the last of the ninth. Hammond went to bat, with Stone, her center fielder up.

But Kirby had found his pace. Stone stood idle while two strikes and one ball were called on him. Then he swung at what seemed to be made for his purpose. Then he went back to the bench. Young took his place. Young was a good hand with the stick and even Kirby's most puzzling balls could n't keep him from first. He lined out the hottest kind of a sizzler over Chub's head and was ready to go to second when Post fielded it. But he decided to stay where he was for the present. Perhaps had he known what was to befall Hartley and Hyde he would have risked more then. As it was, when he left first base it was not to take second but to trot out to his position in right field. For Kirby struck out the next two batsmen in a style extremely pleasing to his friends and was the recipient of an embarrassing ovation when he walked to the bench.

"Here's our last chance," said Chub, a trifle nervously, as he ran in. "You're up, Bacon. Do something now, for goodness sake!"

Well, not to prolong the suspense, Bacon did something. He struck out; struck out as miserably as though his side did n't need two or three runs the worst way in the world. And he went back to the bench and Chub and the others looking ready to cry.

"Hard luck," said Chub, striving to seem cheerful.

"Rotten batting!" muttered Bacon angrily.

Thurlow brought hope back, however, by getting to first on second baseman's juggling of a liner. Pryor went to bat with instructions to bunt, tried it twice and then went out to third baseman. There were two out, a man on first and the tag end of the batting list was in sight.

On the Hammond side the cheering was loud and contented. On the opposite side the brown flags were drooping dejectedly and the stands were emptying. Clearly, defeat was to be Ferry Hill's portion to-day.

But Kirby was n't ready to acknowledge it. At least, he told himself, he would have one good bang at that ball. He could do no more than go out. So he slammed away at two deliveries, waited while a third went by and then hammered out a clean two-base-hit that sent Thurlow ambling across the plate for the sixth tally. Somehow, that seemed to change the entire aspect of things. Homeward-bound spectators paused and edged back to the diamond. Ferry Hill's cheers, which for the last five minutes had been weak and quite evidently "machine made," now broke out afresh and the air became full of waving brown flags.

It was "Porter at bat!" now, and Chub was whispering intensely in Roy's ear, accompanying him to the plate and parting from him finally with a slap on the shoulder that was heard across on the stand.

Now, if there's one thing in the whole wide world calculated to give a chap a fit of nervous prostration, it is to go to bat in the last half of the ninth inning with the knowledge that on his ability or inability to hit safely hangs victory or defeat. Roy had that knowledge, and little chills crept up and down his spine when he considered it. So he tried not to. He tried to forget everything save that he was there to hit the ball; everything save that and what Chub had whispered in his ear at the last.

"When you're up against a bigger man, Roy, grin as hard as you can grin!" Don't forget what your brother told you! That's all, you dear old chump!"



"THEN THE PROCESSION BEGAN ITS MARCH AROUND THE BASES ACCORDING TO TIME-HONORED CUSTOM."

So Roy grinned. Perhaps he grinned so much that he quite disordered his features, for he found Rollins looking at him curiously as though wondering as to his sanity. But Roy still grinned—and watched.

Rollins wound himself up and unwound himself, and the ball shot forward. Roy judged it quickly and let it go by. The umpire vindicated his judgment.

"Ball!" he said.

Then came something of a different caliber and Roy stepped down and hit at it. It went by without a jar.

"Strike!" said the umpire.

Again Roy tried his luck, spun half around and recovered himself to find Rollins doing the grinning. Roy grew angry. To have Rollins laugh at him was too much. He gripped his bat and took position again. Then he remembered his grin. It was hard to get it back, but he did it. Roy has an idea that that grin worried Rollins; be that as it may, it is a fact that the next ball went so wide of the plate that catcher had to throw himself on the ground to stop it and Kirby was safe on second.

"Two and two!" cried the catcher, setting his mask firm again. "Right after him, Jim. He's pretty easy."

Jim undoubtedly meant Roy to strike at the next one, but Roy did n't because the ball evidently had no intention of coming over the base.

"Three balls," remarked the umpire in a disinterested tone, just as though hundreds of hearts were n't up in hundreds of throats.

For the first time since coming to bat Roy had a gleam of hope. Rollins had put himself in a hole and the next ball would have to be a good one. And it was.

Roy swung sharply to meet it, dropped his bat like a hot potato and streaked for first. Out in left field a cherry and black stockinged youth was gazing inquiringly toward the afternoon sky. Home raced Kirby, around the bases streaked Roy. He had seen the ball now and hope was dying out within him. Left fielder seemed directly under it. But he would run as hard as he knew how, at any rate; there was no harm in that; and you never could tell what would happen in baseball. So Roy went flying across second base and headed for third like a small cyclone in a hurry. And as he did so his heart leaped, for left fielder had suddenly turned and was running sideways and backward by turns out into the field.

He had misjudged it badly. Had he not done so I should have had a different ending to narrate. But he did, and when the ball came to earth he was not quite under it although he made a frantic effort to get it. And by the time he had picked it up and relayed it to short-stop Roy was turning past third. And by the time shortstop had his hands about it and had turned, Roy was almost at the plate. And by the time — But what's the use in drawing a victory out in this way? Roy beat that ball to the plate by at least two seconds. And in one more second he was being literally car-

ried to the bench in the midst of a howling, shrieking, dancing mob of Ferry Hillites. Perhaps Ferry Hill would have continued the game until her third man had been put out had she had a chance. But when the spectators take it into their heads to have a war-dance in the middle of the diamond, ball playing is extremely difficult. So Chub shouted something to the umpire, the scorer slammed his book shut on a score of 8—7 and pandemonium had everything its own way.

Here and there a Ferry Hill player tried to sneak back to the gymnasium undetected, but in every case he was captured and placed high up on the shoulders of frantic, joy-crazed friends. There was no band there to lead that triumphant procession around and around the diamond, but no one felt the necessity for one. There was noise enough without it.

Roy, swaying unsteadily on the shoulders of a little group of hatless, red-faced youths, looked down on the sea of pushing, panting figures and grinned happily. Chub, clinging desperately to the heads of two of his bearers, charged through the throng in Roy's direction.

"Hello, there!" he bawled. "Use your spurs and come on!"

But Roy's bearers needed no spurs. They charged the crowd and Roy went bobbing through a little forest of upraised eager hands. Then the procession took some semblance of form and began its march around the bases according to time-honored custom. As Roy, following closely behind Chub, passed third, he found Doctor Emery and his family beside him. The Doctor was smiling broadly, Mrs. Emery was waving a diminutive banner and Harry was dancing and shrieking, her red hair floating in disordered wisps about her face. She caught sight of Roy and darted toward him.

"Wait! Wait!" she commanded shrilly.

Roy's bearers waited, laughing and panting protestingly.

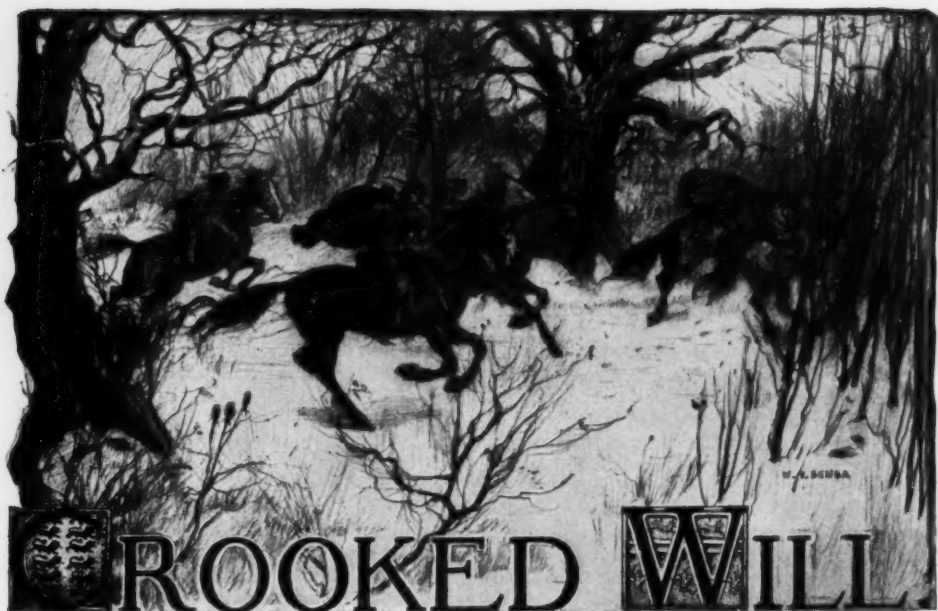
Harry reached up and tossed a crimson sweater about Roy's shoulders.

"I'm so glad, Roy," she cried breathlessly. "And it's all mended; I did it myself!"

Roy nodded, drew the arms of his precious sweater across his chest and called his thanks. Then, impatient of the delay, his bearers charged forward again and Roy clutched wildly to keep his seat. Thrice around the diamond the procession went, cheering and singing, and then it turned across the track and filed through the gate in the hedge and so through the June twilight and under the elms to the gymnasium.

And in the van of the line, like a vivid standard of victory, swayed The Crimson Sweater.

THE END.



By George Phillips

With Illustrations by W. T. Benda

KING WILLIAM rode a-hunting in the merry time of year,
When frosts are strong and nights are long and Yule-tide draweth near.

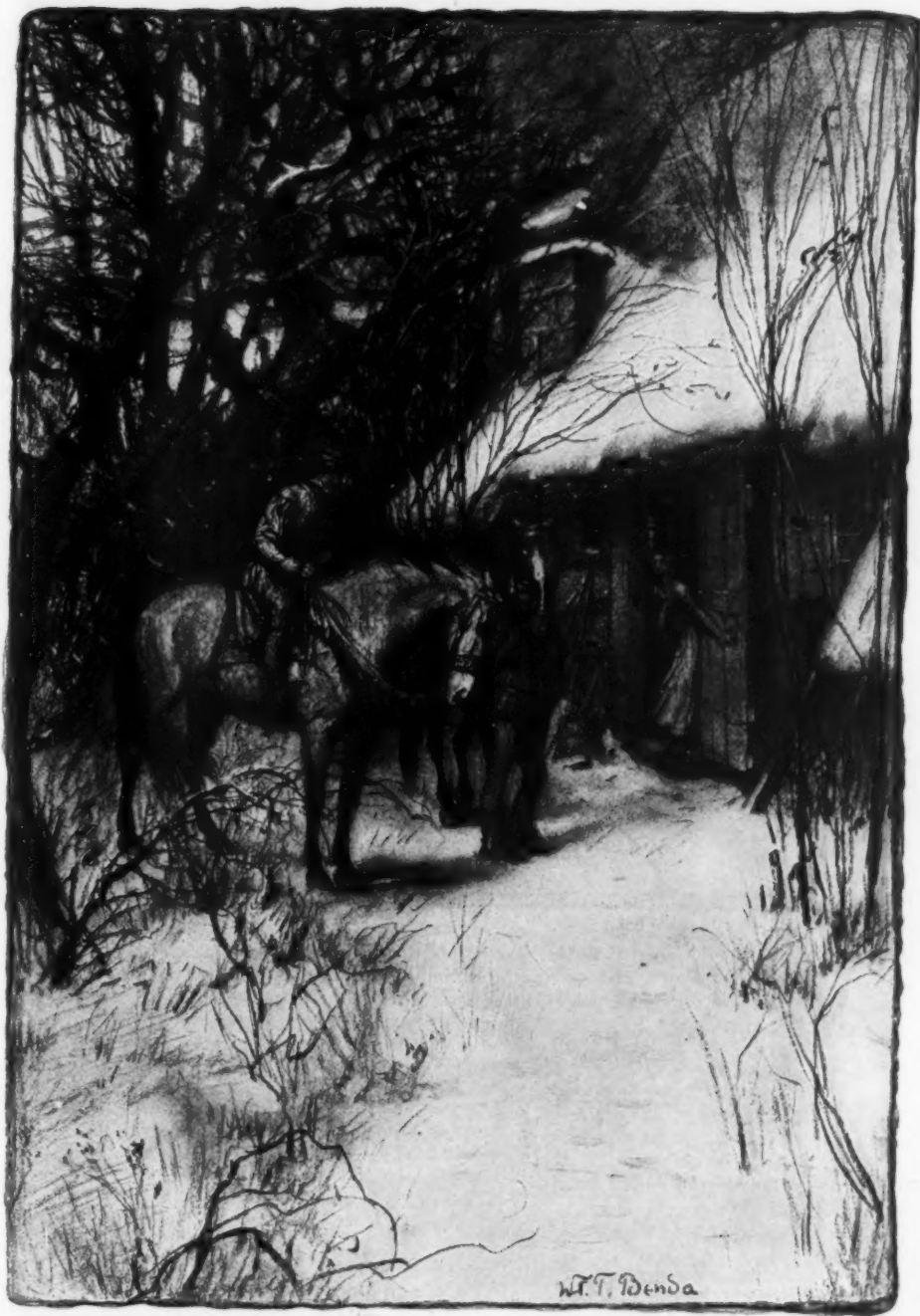
He wound his horn at starting and to the blithesome sound
Full half a hundred gentlemen came trooping close around.
He wound his horn at even when the snow began to fall,
And only one attendant was left to hear the call.

Then laughed King William, cheerily, "A scanty train have I;
The darkness cometh rapidly, the snow begins to fly;
The red deer led us such a chase the town is far away,
Seek we some hut where we may bide till dawning of the day."

Then rode they many a weary league all through the darksome wood
Until at last they came to where a little cottage stood.
The forester was far away, the door was barred and fast,
But as the page's voice rang out they heard a sound at last.

The bar was drawn, the door flung wide, there stood a little maid
Who gazed at them wide-eyed until the King cried—"Art afraid?"
Then gaily laughed the little maid and clapped her hands in glee,
Crying, "Oh! the bonny horses! Wilt give the gray to me?"

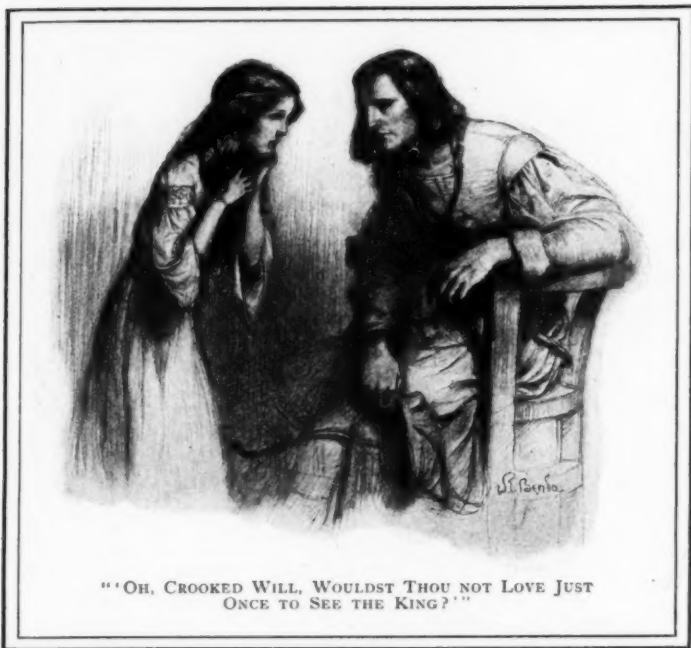
The page has put the weary steeds beneath a shelter rude,
The little maid has stirred the blaze and brought the guests some food.
Then, standing close beside the King, she raised her curly head—
"I prithee tell me what 's thy name?" the little maiden said.



"THE BAR WAS DRAWN, THE DOOR FLUNG WIDE, THERE STOOD A LITTLE MAID."

King William laid the flagon down from which he'd drunk his fill.
 "Art not afraid of hunchback forms? Men call me Crooked Will."

(And was it but a straying gleam from out the firelight?
 Or was it truly sudden tears that made her eyes so bright?)
 Then softly said she—"Father had a brace of puppies tall;
 But one was lame and might not hunt—I liked him best of all.
 How bravely shine thy golden spurs—and what a wondrous ring!
 I prithee tell me who thou art?" "Perchance I am the King."



"OH, CROOKED WILL, WOULDST THOU NOT LOVE JUST
 ONCE TO SEE THE KING?"

Then gaily laughed the little maid and shook her head in scorn,
 "The King would not come riding here at nightfall so forlorn!
 The King sits on a golden throne, a scepter in his hand—
 A royal robe about him flung, he judges all the land.
 The King is served from golden plates by men on bended knee—
 "But thou hast eaten from my plate and shared the food with me.

"On winter nights I hear the wolves when all alone am I,
 The hut is cold, the snow is deep, no stars are in the sky.
 And Father ranges all the woods to guard the King's red deer,
 But sitting by the hearth I feel no shadow of a fear.
 I shut my eyes and see the King upon his golden throne,
 And if I could not see him then, I'd dare not stay alone.

"But in the great white hall I see the courtiers all around—
 The ladies fair in jeweled gowns that trail upon the ground.
 The pages dressed in silk I see—Oh! everything is fair,
 But best of all there stands one form, blue-eyed with golden hair.

So straight he stands, so tall he seems, he towers o'er everything!
Oh, Crooked Will, wouldst thou not love, just once to see the King?"

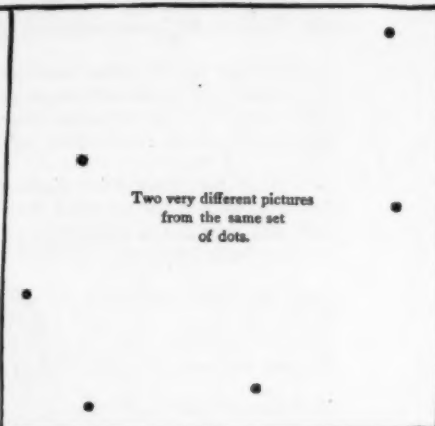
At midnight came a snow-clad band to find the missing King,
With stamping hoofs and jingling bits they made the forest ring.
They came into the little hut to search in wild alarm—
And found a little maid asleep against the lame King's arm.

And when they rode away again she rubbed her sleepy eyes,
And standing in the doorway watched them go with many sighs.
And still they heard her calling as they galloped on their way—
"Come back again, dear Crooked Will, and bring the bonny gray!"

Next morning came a silk-clad page to find the little maid,
And many a rare and royal gift before her feet he laid.
But best of all the gifts he bore, before he went away
He left the steed he rode upon, the gentle, bonny gray.

And through the lonely winter nights she dreamed her fancy still,
And never knew and never guessed the King was Crooked Will.





By M. J.

"Six little dots on the page, my dears,
You may put them wherever you will,
Double or single, or near or far,
Circle or diamond, square or star,
However, wherever, the little dots are,
They shall make you a picture still."



No. 1.



No. 2.

A splendid big Kite,
With a wonderful tail,
To float on the breeze
Or to dance with the gale,
Like a bird in its frolicsome flight!
To be sure, far beyond
There's a little Chinese
Who is running this way,
But 't is easy to see
That this tale is the Tail of a Kite!

A little Chinese,
With a beautiful queue
That falls from his cap
With its button of blue,
And a jacket as fine as can be!
To be sure, there's a Kite
Far away in the sky,
But this tale, it is easy
To see with one eye,
Is the Tail of a little Chinese!

Three very different pictures
from the same set
of dots.

THE
LITTLE DUTCH
GIRL
AND THE BEAR

By M. J.

Cunning little Dutch girl,
Face so round and sunny,
Sitting on her little stool
Where the air is sweet and cool,
Eating bread and honey.

Great fuzzy brown bear,
Does n't he look funny!
Tina's bib beneath his chin,
Smiling as he gobbles in
Tina's bread and honey.

Tired little Dutch girl,
Has n't any money.
"Come and ride with me," says Bear,
"You've already paid your fare,
Dear, in bread and honey!"



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.

Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy

By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

Illustrated by George Varian

HOW PINKEY FOILED A PRACTICAL JOKER

"COME ON 'Bunny,' let's hurry, the church is all lit up and lots o' people are going in already."

It was the night of the church festival and fair, and "Pinkey" Perkins, accompanied by his chum, "Bunny" Morris, was hurrying churchward. Bunny had "come by" for Pinkey, who lived somewhat nearer the church, and they had started as early as permission was granted.

At Pinkey's exclamation, made on coming in sight of the church, the pair broke into a run, fearful lest they miss something in the way of entertainment. They had looked forward with great anticipation to this evening for a week or more and they were dressed in their newest and most uncomfortable Sunday attire in honor of the occasion. Each clutched in his hand three bright new dimes which their parents had awarded them to meet the evening's expenses.

Arriving at the church, Pinkey hung his cap on one of the hooks in the vestibule and entered the main hall, followed closely by Bunny. Pinkey's first act was to cast a hurried glance over those already assembled, searching for a familiar face and figure, without which no function, however brilliant, could be a success to him. But his search availed him nothing. His Affinity, Harriet Warren, had not yet arrived, which fact he noted with some concern. He had debated, mentally, sending her a note, "requesting the pleasure of her company" on this occasion, but had finally decided that, owing to the nature of the entertainment, he would wait until it was over and then ask to "see her home."

"Let's look around and see what they've got, and what table we want to sit at when we eat our ice cream and cake," said Pinkey, moving toward the center of the room, but still managing to keep a close watch on the door. Each table was presided over by two or more zealous church workers, and all were

anxious, even to the point of soliciting customers, to supply ice cream, peaches and cream, lemonade, cake, and other delicacies, as well as all sorts of fancy articles which had been donated for the good of the cause.

Presently, as Pinkey looked for the fiftieth time toward one of the two entrance doors he caught sight of a head of golden curls and a bright laughing face, which he imagined showed a gleam of recognition when the dancing eyes saw that he was watching for them. What gave him additional pleasure was the fact that his Affinity had come with several girls of her own age and that Eddie Lewis, his rival for her affections, had not yet put in an appearance.

The attendance grew rapidly now, and the small rooms adjoining the large one were thrown open to accommodate the crowd.

Pinkey was not long in maneuvering his position so as to bring up at his Affinity's side in the most casual way, and he resented it deeply that Eddie, who had by this time arrived, should stay so close to them and seem to consider himself a factor in her entertainment. Also he grew somewhat heavy-hearted when his Affinity seemed inclined to encourage Eddie and to act as though he too were entitled to notice. He felt sure that he stood above Eddie in her estimation and he could not understand why she should not show it more plainly.

But Pinkey stood manfully by his post and when opportunity offered, said to his Affinity in a low, nervous undertone, while his heart thumped too loud for comfort: "Would you like to have some ice cream after a while?" He wanted to be sure of his ground and also to have some valid claim on her company for the remainder of the evening.

"Yes, I guess so," she replied vaguely, looking away, and then added tauntingly, "unless there's somebody else you'd rather ask."

"There's nobody else in town I'd think

of asking," asserted Pinkey, stoutly, before he realized what an open declaration he was making.

It was not easy to get rid of Eddie, however, and what bothered Pinkey a great deal was that every time he had about succeeded in getting his Affinity well separated from the crowd, it would suddenly become necessary for her to hold a whispered conversation with some girl, which occasioned her returning to

her through the more crowded parts of the room, in raising his drooping spirits.

Pinkey and Bunny were two of a very small number of the boys who had money enough to treat their girl-friends and he felt both proud and confused as he escorted his Affinity to an empty table and generously requested her to order what she desired in the way of refreshments. He would have liked to sit at the table with Bunny and Bess Knapp, where

they would not be so conspicuous, but his Affinity and Bess were still at outs over a recent quarrel and it would be two or three days before they were on speaking terms again.

"I think I'll have some strawberry ice cream," faltered Hattie, blushing as she observed the good-natured attention she and Pinkey were receiving from the older people on all sides. It was their first appearance, together and entirely alone, in such a public place and it confused her as much as it did Pinkey, if not more.

"I'll have some strawberry, too," said Pinkey, and then turning to his Affinity he continued: "What kind of cake do you like?"

"I don't believe I care for any cake," she replied, promptly. It took all her courage

to decline it, but she remembered that when Pinkey had invited her in the first place, he had only mentioned ice cream, and she feared that his generosity lacked financial backing.

"Ice cream's no good without cake," said Pinkey, airily. "Two pieces of chocolate cake, please, with plenty of frosting on them."

When they had been served and had begun to enjoy their refreshments, Pinkey noted with delight that his Affinity had changed her mind about not caring for cake and that when they had finally finished there was not even a crumb to be seen around her plate.

The lady who had served them asked if



"DO YOU MEAN FOR BOTH?" INQUIRED THE LADY. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the crowd again and within the danger zone of Eddie's perseverance. Then Pinkey would walk slowly back and wait uneasily until the conversation was over and seek a good opportunity to start again. This and the lack of assistance he received from his Affinity in discouraging Eddie's advances worried him into a state of despair. But at last, when he had become about as miserable as the artful ways of his Affinity could make him, she allowed herself to be entirely isolated from the others and in a few moments she had succeeded, by a few coy glances and an occasional confiding pressure on his arm, as he conducted

they desired anything more, and this time, when his Affinity declined, Pinkey did not urge her to change her decision.

"How much is it?" he inquired carelessly, as he arose from the table.

"Do you mean for both?" inquired the lady.

"Yes, indeed, I mean for both," answered Pinkey, visibly nettled. "Of course I would n't ask a girl to eat ice cream with me and then expect her to pay for it!"

"Thirty cents," replied the lady without making any apology for arousing Pinkey's ire.

Pinkey laid the three dimes on the table and walked away, as though it would have made no difference to him had it been twice that amount.

After it seemed that everybody had partaken of refreshments and had purchased all the fancy articles they cared to, the Sunday-school superintendent mounted the low platform at one end of the room, and announced that there would be a short program to complete the evening properly and that the first number would be an organ duet by two young ladies of the Sunday-school, who then arose and came forward. After a few necessary preliminaries, such as arranging music, moving lamps, and dexterously whirling the tops of the organ stools round and round, screwing them up and then down again to their original position, they entered on their selection, tremulously at first, then vigorously. One of the girls occasionally added to the evident difficulty of execution by crossing her right hand over her left and striking a few doleful notes on the lower end of the keyboard, while her companion pumped valiantly at the pedals all the while and ran her fingers up among the tinkling notes as high as she could go.

After bowing and blushing properly at the applause which followed their effort, the pair resumed their seats and the superintendent arose and announced that the next treat would be a recitation by Miss Harriet Warren. Pinkey felt his heart swell almost to bursting as his Affinity slid from her chair beside him and picked her way starchily through the well-filled room to the platform. He also gloated over the fact that all eyes would be upon her when she returned to her seat and would see that it was by his side that she chose to sit.

So intent was he on her recitation, and the charming figure she made on the platform, that he failed to notice the stealthy removal

of the chair beside him, on which his Affinity had been sitting, and the suppressed titter behind him as Eddie Lewis, with a great show of mock importance, seated himself upon it, folded his arms, and looked about at his friends for approval of his joke.

Pinkey had not taken his eyes from his Affinity from the time she left him, and when he saw her stop on the way back to her seat, look perplexed for a moment, and then ask another little girl to share her chair with her, he could not understand what it meant. Then, for the first time, he noticed that the chair was gone and his wrath rose instantly. He looked around to see if there was anyone near who might have done it, but Eddie had wisely vacated the chair before Pinkey missed it and had tiptoed his way to another part of the room, followed by "Putty" Black and two or three others.

Pinkey did not give any further indication of the anger which was consuming him for he knew that it would only please all the more whoever had taken this method of teasing him. He had a good idea who it was and made up his mind then and there to settle with the guilty one as soon as he should find out to a certainty.

He sat through the remainder of the program with a load of anger and despair on his heart that crushed out his interest in everything. Gloomily he regarded his Affinity, whose back was toward him, wondering if she would be so inconsiderate as to blame him for allowing her chair to be taken away and possibly to think he did not care to have her return to him. His misery was doubled when the last number was ended and, as the people arose and began preparing to leave the church, his Affinity left the chair, which her friend had so kindly shared with her, and without so much as a glance in his direction, walked straight to the little room where several of the ladies and girls had left their wraps.

But Pinkey resolved not to be too deeply troubled over it, for it was but a small matter and one which could be easily explained to her on their way home. With his burden somewhat lightened by this reasoning, he started for the vestibule to get his cap so that he could get around to the other entrance and be there waiting for her when she came out.

To his surprise and perplexity, Pinkey found that his cap was not where he had hung it, nor could he see it on any of the hooks near-by. At first he did not consider

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his discovery seriously and expected any moment to find it under some of the coats and wraps which were hanging all about and folded on chairs in the corners.

When at last it dawned upon him that his cap must have been taken away purposely and hidden, he was downright angry. Savagely he searched everywhere he could think of, little caring that he needlessly disturbed the belongings of others in his whirlwind search. Everybody and everything seemed to be against him just at present but he got a few



"OVERTURNING CHAIRS IN HIS MAD HASTE."

crumbs of comfort by disarranging these things, since somebody had so carefully hidden his.

He started to leave the church without his cap and then he realized that it was his Sunday one and that it would cripple his wardrobe very seriously to lose it, and furthermore it would give too much satisfaction to the culprit who had hidden it to see him leaving bareheaded amid the laughing taunts of the crowd of boys, which he knew would be assembled just outside.

After charging about in the small room which adjoined the vestibule on one side, overturning chairs in his mad haste to find his cap before his Affinity should leave, and

meeting with no result, save the astonished looks of the more deliberate ones still standing about, Pinkey decided to look in the dark room adjoining, wherein was one of the furnaces which furnished heat for the building.

He pushed open the door leading into the furnace room.

Once inside, Pinkey struck a match and looked all about. At first, the glare of the match blinded him; then, as he became more able to see, his eye caught sight of a white object on the floor, near a long wooden bench. Picking it up, he discovered it to be a handkerchief, which, on closer inspection, proved to have Eddie Lewis's initials in one corner.

"Just as I expected," muttered Pinkey; "two to one my cap 's under that bench," and with that he stuffed the handkerchief in his coat pocket, dropped on his knees, and began feeling blindly under the bench. In another moment, his search was rewarded by his drawing forth the cap from beneath the far corner, soiled and dusty from being thrown on the floor. But still it was his cap and its condition did not worry him then.

Madly he rushed from the room, through the vestibule, and out into the open air, and it would not have been good for Eddie Lewis to have encountered him at that moment. There were still a few boys standing around the door, and although a large part of the people had gone by this time, Pinkey hoped against fate that his Affinity might still be among those remaining.

As he started for the other entrance, where he hoped to find her, he heard someone calling to him softly from the shadows beneath the trees.

Looking in that direction, Pinkey could just make out the figure of the village fiddler, a sort of half-witted fellow, known to everybody as "Liberty Jim." Jim was sitting on the ground, his back against the fence, and under his arm was clutched his old violin which was his constant companion. He was very fond of children and had recently taken an especial liking for Pinkey. His chief occupations were sawing wood, tending gardens and playing patriotic airs on his violin, which latter habit had given him his nickname. He also found time to make sleds and kites for the boys during the Winter and Spring.

"What is it, Jim?" inquired Pinkey, hurriedly, not wishing to ignore his friend and still desiring to get to the door as soon as possible.

"She 's gone with that Lewis boy, Pinkey,"

Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy

replied Jim in an undertone. "I saw him ask to take her home and she went by here with him just a few minutes ago." Jim knew of Pinkey's admiration for Harriet Warren and concluded that it must be for her that he was looking.

That blow was worse than all others combined, and although it was what Pinkey had feared would happen, the realization of it made him thoroughly sick at heart. To think that his Affinity should now be on her way home with Eddie, who was the cause of his not being at the door to meet her and who had also undoubtedly taken away her chair and thus caused her vexation and embarrassment, for which he was no doubt held to blame.

Pinkey's sense of justice could not stand such a shock without demanding immediate and urgent protest.

"Thanks, Jim," said Pinkey, evidently very much in earnest, "I'll get even with him yet, though, you see if I don't," and Pinkey started off alone in the direction which he knew his Affinity and Eddie must have taken. He did not intend to overtake them; he wanted to meet them face to face, and, to this end, after he had come in sight of them, he cut diagonally across a square, and, after reaching a side street, so timed his steps that he should meet them at the next corner, immediately under the street lamp.

When they came along, Pinkey walked up to the surprised pair and, holding out the handkerchief he had found, demanded: "Ed Lewis, is this your handkerchief?" His eyes were ablaze with the injustice that had been done him and he was so intent on settling with Eddie that for the moment he entirely ignored the presence of his Affinity.

Eddie was taken completely off his guard. He started visibly and unconsciously began feeling, first in one pocket, then in another, but no word came from him. Harriet stood by, looking at the queer performance in dumb amazement.

"Well, is it?" persisted Pinkey, holding the handkerchief still closer. "Say something."

Eddie tried to speak, but his voice failed him and his attempt amounted only to a pitiful swallow and a few low, mumbling sounds. Finally, he managed to admit, by nodding

his head and some more unintelligible sounds that he was the owner of the hateful object Pinkey held in his hand.

"Well," continued Pinkey, pitilessly, "how did it come by the bench in the furnace room where somebody hid my cap?"

No answer came from Eddie. He hung his head, shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and reached mechanically for the handkerchief.

"No you don't," said Pinkey, drawing it back. "How did it come there? Did you lose it when you were hiding my cap?"

There was no use denying the charge; the evidence was clearly against him, so Eddie, fearing to deepen his guilt by disowning it, slowly nodded his head.

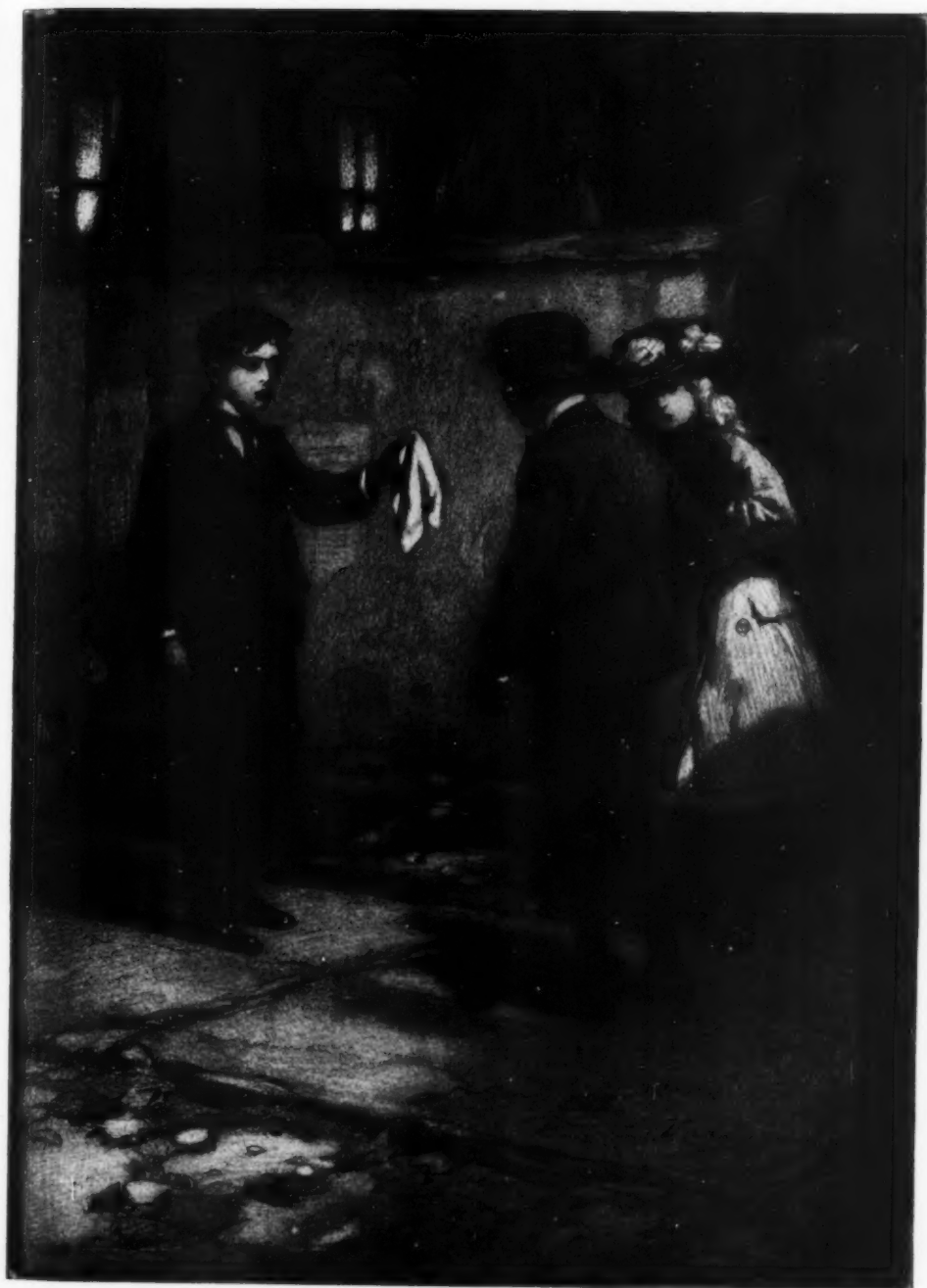
"And did you take away the chair from beside mine when I was n't watching?" Pinkey did not intend to leave any doubt in his Affinity's mind as to who was responsible for his apparent lack of attention to her and was driving his advantage with dogged persistence to the end.

"I was just fooling," Eddie managed to answer, almost inaudibly.

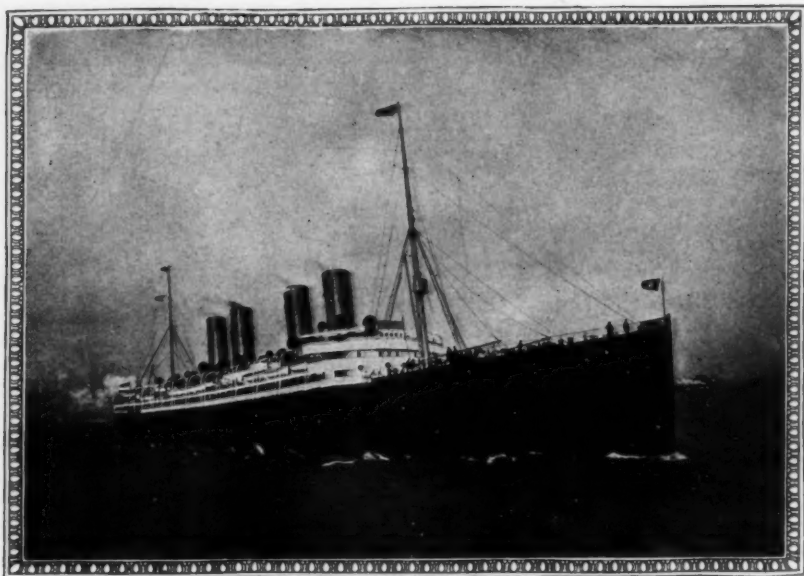
"Well, that kind of fooling does n't go with me," said Pinkey, "and the sooner you find it out the better. There's only one thing that keeps me from licking you, right here and now," and for the first time he turned his gaze toward his Affinity, who had retained her attitude of speechless surprise all the time Pinkey was exposing Eddie's perfidy in such a heartless way.

After a moment, he moved away a couple of steps and said to his Harriet, as he looked frankly up at her: "Now you know just why the chair was n't there for you when you came back to sit down, and you know why I was n't at the door waiting for you when you started home. I'm here now, and it's for you to say who goes the rest of the way home with you."

With one glance of mingled scorn and pity at the dejected figure beside her, Harriet walked boldly forward to where Pinkey was standing and placed her arm confidently in his. Without another word to the crushed and disgraced Eddie, Pinkey dropped the telltale handkerchief on the sidewalk beside him and in triumph bore his Affinity away in the direction of her home.



"'IS THIS YOUR HANDKERCHIEF?'"



THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

On the Bridge of an Ocean Liner

By Francis Arnold Collins

Illustrated by photographs taken by the author on the bridge of the "Deutschland."

How many of you boys and girls have ever been on the Captain's bridge of a trans-atlantic steamship?

Indeed few mere landmen ever come to know the bridge of an ocean liner well. Throughout the voyage this narrow platform is a very busy place after its own quiet fashion and visitors are likely to be in the way. All responsibility in guiding the great ship and safeguarding the passengers centers here. The steamer may be more than an eighth of a mile in length with a population of more than 3000 people. The powerful engines, measured by tens of thousands of horsepower, must tirelessly drive this great mass through the water almost at the speed of an ordinary railroad train. The life-saving devices throughout the ship must be always ready at an instant's notice. So perfect, however, is the machinery of these great ships, so sensitive the great system of nerves which center at the bridge, that a single hand may

control them. The bridge of one of these liners may be compared to a great keyboard.

As a rule it is only on the captain's invitation that one is allowed in these upper regions. When you are so fortunate as to be invited, you are led up a narrow flight of steps from the boat deck to the bridge and thence to the pilot house. The bridge, especially in fair weather, will be found to be a very quiet retreat. At this height you no longer feel the deep throbbing of the engines; while the busy decks seem to have been left far below. There are seldom more than two persons on duty here; one, an officer, paces quietly back and forth across the bridge, the other, a seaman, stands with his hand on the wheel intently watching the binnacle in which is suspended the compass. No conversation is allowed on the bridge, and scarcely an unnecessary word is spoken.

The bridge may be sixty feet or more in length, probably five feet or more in width

and with a considerable open space at the sides of the wheel-house. At sea the front and sides of the bridge are likely to be built up with canvas to protect the officers from the force of the wind which blows "great guns" in so exposed a position. A row of mysterious looking instruments called telegraph signals and a series of speaking tubes are grouped at the center of the bridge; at either end is a broad low seat. The wheel house at the center of the bridge, a heavy structure of polished wood, seems small when one thinks of the work which must be done there.

THE WHEEL-HOUSE

On entering the wheel-house a landsman is likely to be awed by the groups of instruments and masses of complicated machinery on every hand. Your eye will first be caught by the wheel, or wheels, for often there are two or more of them one directly in line with the other. The first of these is an insignificant looking affair perhaps a foot or so in diameter which seems out of all proportion to the work it must accomplish. Directly in front of it stands the ship's compass while back of it are massed many complicated wheels and levers which transform the slightest motion of the wheel into the great force which guides the ship.

All the great steamers are steered nowadays by the aid of steam or electricity. In the old days half a dozen men at times would struggle with the wheel in high seas, and sailors have been killed by the rapid revolving of the projecting spoke-handles. The modern steering-gear makes it possible to guide these great ships with the slightest pressure. The rudder weighing many tons is perhaps five hundred feet astern yet with a touch of the polished wheel the great 700 foot ship will swing from side to side with almost the delicacy of a compass needle. The wheel that the steersman operates merely governs the steering engine, which, in turn, moves the great rudder.

The most astonishing thing about the bridge is to find the wheel-house with all its curtains tightly drawn, as often happens, and the man at the helm steering the boat without seeing ahead at all. At night or even by day if the light of the binnacle is confusing the wheel-house is often completely shut in. The man at the wheel, it is explained, does not need to look ahead. The look-out high up in the "crow's nest" and

the officer on watch on the bridge will keep him informed if any object is sighted. The duty of the man at the wheel is to keep the ship on her course. Throughout his watch of four hours he must keep his eyes on the compass and nowhere else.

On one side of the wheel-house are posted the sailing directions which give the wheelmen explicit orders. The course to be followed for the day is placed in a neat little rack called the compass control. It suggests the rack in church at the side of the pulpit which announces the number of the hymns and psalm for the day's service. The compass control will announce for instance N, 7, 8, W, or some such formula. The wheelman glances at this as he takes his watch at the wheel and holds the great ship exactly on this course until he is relieved. To show how compact is the machinery of even the largest liners the accompanying photographs were taken on the bridge of the "S. S. Deutschland" which is one of the largest as well as the speediest ships afloat.

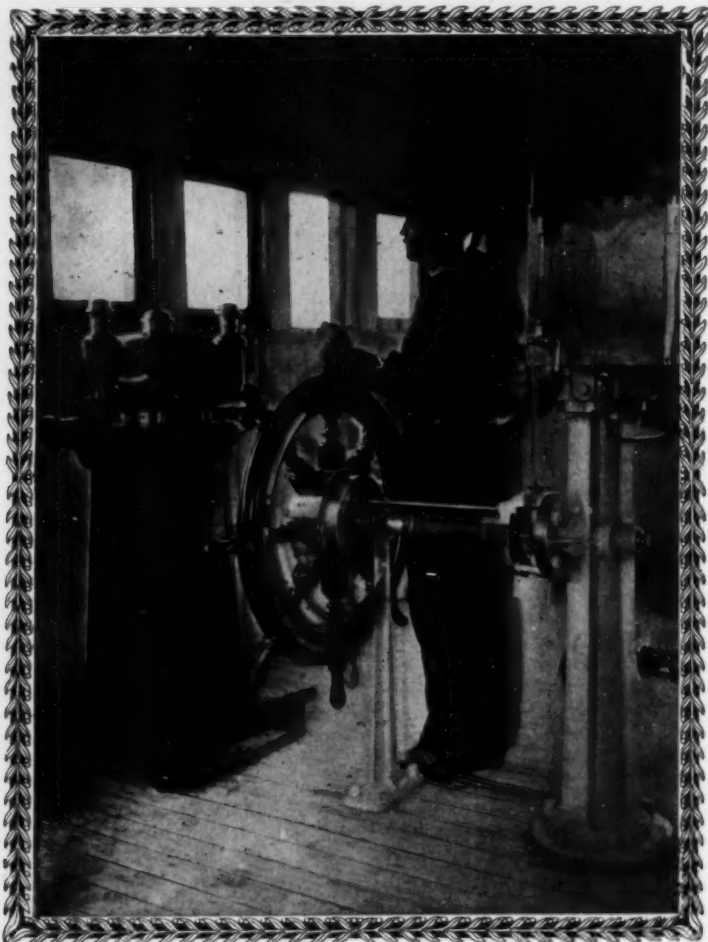
STEERING THE SHIP

The work of steering a great ship, even with the aid of all this machinery, is much more delicate than one would imagine. The larger and faster the ship the greater is the difficulty. It is not enough to hold the wheel in the same position to keep the ship on her course; for the wind and waves and the currents of the ocean tend constantly to knock the ship off her course. The great wall of steel (for the hull may be 700 feet long and sixty feet high) offers a broad target for the wind and waves. The art in steering is to humor the ship to these forces and when she is deflected bring her back quickly to her course. If you could watch the binnacle, especially in bad weather, you would see the needle of the compass constantly shifting from side to side which means that the great steel prow is not going forward in a perfectly straight line.

Nowadays the great liners are built for speed, and the steamer which regularly makes the best time in crossing will be intrusted with the mails and the longest passenger list. So much depends upon the runs of the great ships that two continents are constantly watching them; and should they beat their records by but a few minutes the news would be flashed all over the world. No matter what happens the ship must be kept on her course. Let the great steel prow be aimed ever so

little in the wrong direction, the deflection may be a fraction of an inch on the compass, and a few seconds will be lost in bringing her back to her course. Should this mistake occur many times the loss quickly grows into minutes. But the ship which makes the

if possible visit the bridge at noon when the sun is "taken" and the chart-room where the position of the ship is calculated and the course laid for the day. In the chart-room are kept the great maps and charts of the coasts and ports the ship visits or is likely



THE MAN AT THE WHEEL MUST KEEP HIS EYES ON THE COMPASS AND NOWHERE ELSE.

fastest crossing brings credit to herself, her company and the flag she floats. So the supremacy of the seas is very largely determined by the skill and faithfulness of the man at the wheel in the dark and silent wheel-house.

Before the man at the wheel-house in point of responsibility comes the master of navigation and before him of course the captain. To understand their work you should

to visit if she lose her way. Precisely at noon on every clear day the master of navigation, sextant in hand, takes his position on the bridge and makes certain measurements of the position of the sun. He repeats his observations while an assistant beside him calls them down the speaking tube to the chart-room. With the aid of these readings and some not very difficult mathematical calcu-

lations, the exact position of the ship is determined and marked on the map, and the course is laid for another day. At the same time in the cabins below the passengers are gathered to hear the ship's run and to compare it with the distance covered on the preceding day.

SAFETY DEVICES

It is in its safety devices and the provision made to meet every possible accident that one of these great ships is perhaps most remarkable. All the machinery which may be set in motion in case of danger is centered on the bridge and so perfectly has it been arranged that the entire vessel could be controlled, if the necessity should arise, by means of a series of levers and push buttons. About the walls of the wheel-house are ranged curious-looking indicators much the same as one sees behind the desk of a great hotel. About them are hung a surprising variety of barometers, thermometers, thermostats, wind and rain gauges and other less familiar looking instruments. There are rows upon rows of buttons and levers on every hand, all highly polished and in the most perfect working order.

The danger of fire at sea for instance is anticipated by a thermostat connected with the frame filled with little squares like the hotel indicator. There are thermometers in every part of the ship electrically connected with this box which are constantly on guard. If a fire should start in any part of the great ship the temperature would of course rise, and the fact would instantly be announced in the wheel-house by the ringing of a bell while a red light would flash at the same time in one of the squares of the indicator. The man at the wheel could tell at a glance the exact point of danger.

The wheel-house is also the telephone "central" of the ship and it would be only the work of a moment to have men at the point of danger.

The modern ships are divided into many different compartments by many partitions each carrying heavy steel doors. A series of levers will be pointed out to you in the wheel-house by which these great doors may be closed in any part of the ship at an instant's notice. These steel compartments, it will be explained, are so strong that in case of collision or of fire one or more of them might be filled with water and yet the rest of the ship would be unharmed. Should a fire be

discovered an entire compartment might be flooded in a few seconds. There is a series of squares in another indicator corresponding to every one of these steel doors throughout the ship. In case of danger it is possible to close all of these doors at the same instant by touching a single lever on the bridge. And should any door fail to close, a red light would instantly appear in one of the little squares to tell just where the trouble lay. These indicators to be sure look much like a hotel office but one watches them with a curious interest when you know that the lives of thousands may depend upon them.

Still another safety device which may be watched from the bridge is the indicator connected with the submarine wireless system which gives warning of the approach of another ship. This invention, but lately added to the great ships, consists of a delicate



"TAKING THE SUN" AT NOON.

instrument so connected with wires beneath the water that the presence of a large body of iron or steel, even at a considerable distance, is instantly recorded. There is besides of course the regular wireless apparatus for sending and receiving signals over hundreds of miles of water, the great fog horn to give

warning for several miles in the thickest weather; and there is always an alert watch in the "crow's nest," the little seat high up on the mainmast. The submarine wireless system is kept in perfect working order just as is the thermostat, the automatic contrivance for closing the steel doors and other safety devices, to meet a demand which it is likely will never arise. Few ships have ever used them but this elaborate preparation is

work more quickly than the fire itself. No fire, it is claimed, could gain headway without being announced by the thermostat; and even should it get beyond control an entire compartment or even a deck could be flooded with water in a few seconds with the use of machinery on the bridge. The danger of collision with an iceberg, a rock or another vessel is anticipated by the steel compartments which, as we have seen, are controlled by a



SENDING UP A FLAG SIGNAL TO A PASSING VESSEL WHICH IS NOT EQUIPPED WITH A WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.

always made so that if danger ever came they would save a few seconds of time.

The Captain surrounded by these banks of keys and levers is master of almost any situation. He explains to you that every wreck or accident of the past has taught the builders of ships some new lesson and that the same catastrophe is extremely unlikely to ever happen twice. The greatest peril of the sea is fire, but even this danger has been met, it is believed, by supplying machinery which will

single lever shutting out the water from all parts of the ship except the compartment in which the hole has been made.

SIGNALS TO THE ENGINE ROOM

The telegraph signals on the bridge are still another safeguard, although they are also used for the sake of convenience in docking the steamer. These signals consist of drum-shaped boxes mounted on stands, each with a lever, which passes over a dial. By turn-

ing this lever it is possible to telegraph to the engine room or the wheel-house at the stern such directions as start, stop, slow, fast, right,



THE TELEGRAPH SIGNALS TO THE ENGINE ROOM.

left, and so on. In starting one of these great boats, before the great engines are set in full motion for the long trip and the ship answers her helm, the machinery may be controlled instantly by this telegraph. In the event of danger should the steering machinery in the wheel-house fail to work, should there be a fire or a collision smashing in the vessel amidships the officer on the bridge would still be in instant control of the great engines and of the rudder 500 feet astern.

THE BRIDGE AT NIGHT

The bridge is especially impressive at night when the great ship is asleep. The wheel-house is completely dark except for the covered lamps in the binnacle. From time to time the captain enters the house asks a few questions in a quiet conversational tone, perhaps give some order. The marvelous machinery which lines the walls stands silent guard. The bridge is quiet except for the curious singing note of the wind in the rigging and the sharp crack of the halyards

against the masts, and endlessly the deep pulsing of the engines. Outside the lights at the masthead swing from side to side marking off the roll of the ship in great arcs against the sky.

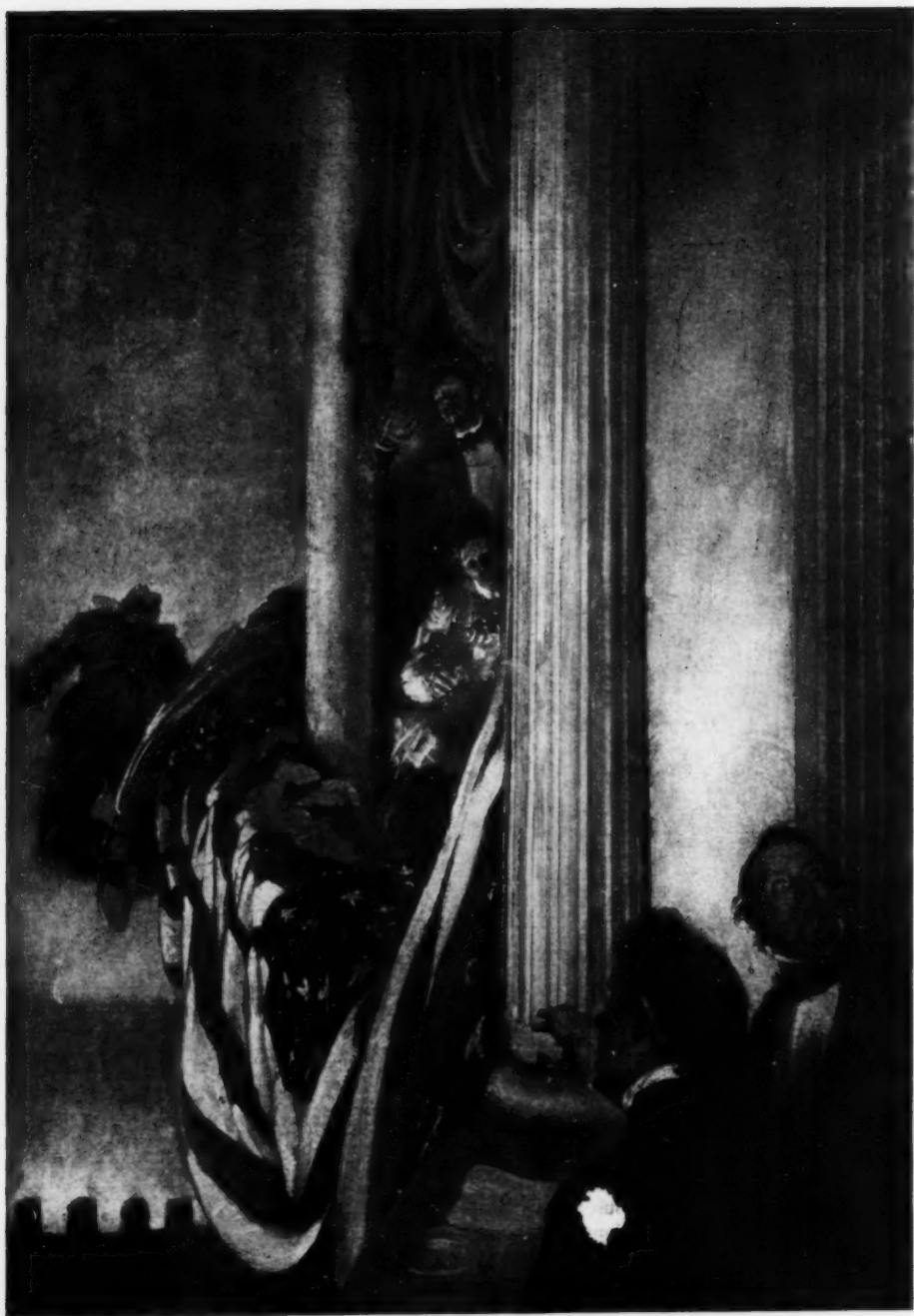
If you are so fortunate as to stay until midnight you will see perhaps the most curious sight of the twenty-four hours, when the ship's officer changes the time. The clock which sets the time for the life of the ship is put back about an hour if the vessel be sailing west or an hour ahead if it be pointed east, and the sleeping hundreds beneath will wake up in the morning to find their time-pieces all wrong. The helmsman's "watch"



RE-SETTING THE CLOCK AT MIDNIGHT.

comes to an end when the call of the lookout from the "crow's nest" announces another day. The beautiful sea cry is taken up and repeated down the long-deserted deck.

"Eight bells and all 's well."



"HE MIGHT HAVE GOT SAFELY AWAY HAD NOT HIS SPUR CAUGHT ON THE FLAG THAT DRAPED THE FRONT OF THE BOX." (SEE PAGE 42.)

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The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln

By Helen Nicolay

Illustrated by Jay Hambidge

CHAPTER XIII

THE FOURTEENTH OF APRIL

REFRESHED in body by his visit to City Point, and greatly cheered by the fall of Richmond, and unmistakable signs that the war was over, Mr. Lincoln went back to Washington intent on the new task opening before him—that of restoring the Union, and of bringing about peace and good will again between the North and the South. His whole heart was bent on the work of "binding up the nation's wounds" and doing all which lay in his power to "achieve a just and lasting peace." Especially did he desire to avoid the shedding of blood, or anything like acts of deliberate punishment. He talked to his cabinet in this strain on the morning of April 14, the last day of his life. No one need expect that he would take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them, he exclaimed. Enough lives had been sacrificed already. Anger must be put aside. The great need now was to begin to act in the interest of peace. With these words of clemency and kindness in their ears they left him, never again to come together under his wise chairmanship.

It was Good Friday, a day observed by a portion of the people with fasting and prayer, but even among the most devout the great news of the week just ended changed this time of traditional mourning into a season of general thanksgiving. For Mr. Lincoln it was a day of unusual and quiet happiness. His son Robert had returned from the field with General Grant, and the President spent an hour with the young captain in delighted conversation over the campaign. He denied himself generally to visitors, admitting only a few friends. In the afternoon he went for a long drive with Mrs. Lincoln. His mood, as it had been all day, was singularly happy and tender. He talked much of the past and future. After four years of trouble and tumult he looked forward to four years of quiet and normal work; after that he ex-

pected to go back again to Illinois and practice law. He was never more simple or more gentle than on this day of triumph. His heart overflowed with sentiments of gratitude to Heaven, which took the shape, usual to generous natures, of love and kindness to all men.

From the very beginning there had been threats to kill him. He was constantly receiving letters of warning from zealous or nervous friends. The War Department inquired into these when there seemed to be ground for doing so, but always without result. Warnings that appeared most definite proved on examination too vague and confused for further attention. The President knew that he was in some danger. Madmen frequently made their way to the very door of the Executive Office; sometimes into Mr. Lincoln's presence; but he himself had so sane a mind, and a heart so kindly even to his enemies, that it was hard for him to believe in political hatred deadly enough to lead to murder.

He therefore went in and out before the people, always unarmed, generally unattended. He received hundreds of visitors in a day, his breast bare to pistol or knife. He walked at midnight, with a single Secretary or alone, from the Executive Mansion to the War Department and back. In summer he rode through lonely roads from the White House to the Soldiers' Home in the dusk of the evening, and returned to his work in the morning before the town was astir. He was greatly annoyed when it was decided that there must be a guard at the Executive Mansion, and that a squad of cavalry must accompany him on his daily drive; but he was always reasonable, and yielded to the best judgment of others.

Four years of threats and boastings that were unfounded, and of plots that came to nothing passed away, until precisely at the time when the triumph of the nation seemed assured, and a feeling of peace and security settled over the country, one of the conspiracies, seemingly no more important than

the others, ripened in a sudden heat of hatred and despair.

A little band of desperate secessionists, of which John Wilkes Booth, an actor of a family of famous players, was the head, had their usual meeting-place at the house of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, the mother of one of the number. Booth was a young man of twenty-six, strikingly handsome, with an ease and grace of manner which came to him of right from his theatrical ancestors. He was a fanatical southerner, with a furious hatred against Lincoln and the Union. After Lincoln's reflection he went to Canada, and associated with the Confederate agents there; and whether or not with their advice, made a plan to capture the President and take him to Richmond. He passed a great part of the autumn and winter pursuing this fantastic scheme, but the winter wore away, and nothing was done. On March 4 he was at the Capitol, and created a disturbance by trying to force his way through the line of policemen who guarded the passage through which the President walked to the East front of the building to read his Second Inaugural. His intentions at this time are not known. He afterward said he lost an excellent chance of killing the President that day.

After the surrender of Lee, in a rage akin to madness, he called his fellow-conspirators together and allotted to each his part in the new crime which had risen in his mind. It was as simple as it was horrible. One man was to kill Secretary Seward, another to make way with Andrew Johnson, at the same time that he murdered the President. The final preparations were made with feverish haste. It was only about noon of the fourteenth that Booth learned that Mr. Lincoln meant to go to Ford's Theater that night to see the play "Our American Cousin." The President enjoyed the theater. It was one of his few means of recreation.

Mrs. Lincoln asked General and Mrs. Grant to accompany her. They accepted, and the announcement that they would be present was made in the evening papers, but they changed their plans and went north by an afternoon train. Mrs. Lincoln then invited in their stead Miss Harris and Major Rathbone, daughter and stepson of Senator Ira Harris. Being detained by visitors, the play had made some progress when the President appeared. The band struck up "Hail to the Chief," the actors ceased playing, the audience rose and cheered, the President bowed

in acknowledgment, and the play went on again.

From the moment he learned of the President's intention Booth's actions were alert and energetic. He and his confederates were seen in every part of the city. Booth was perfectly at home in Ford's Theater. He counted upon audacity to reach the small passage behind the President's box. Once there, he guarded against interference by arranging a wooden bar, to be fastened by a simple mortice in the angle of the wall and the door by which he entered, so that once shut, the door could not be opened from the outside. He even provided for the chance of not gaining entrance to the box by boring a hole in the door, through which he might either observe the occupants, or take aim and shoot. He hired at a livery stable a small fleet horse.

A few moments before ten o'clock, leaving his horse at the rear of the theater, in charge of a call-boy, he entered the building, passing rapidly to the little hallway leading to the President's box. Showing a card to the servant in attendance, he was allowed to enter, closed the door noiselessly, and secured it with the wooden bar he had made ready, without disturbing any of the occupants of the box, between whom and himself yet remained the partition and the door through which he had bored the hole.

No one, not even the actor who uttered them, could ever remember the last words of the piece that were spoken that night—the last that Abraham Lincoln heard upon earth; for the tragedy in the box turned play and players alike to the most unsubstantial of phantoms. For weeks hate and brandy had kept Booth's brain in a morbid state. He seemed to himself to be taking part in a great play. Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened the box door, put the pistol to the President's head, and fired. Major Rathbone sprang to grapple with him, and received a savage knife wound in the arm. Then, rushing forward, Booth placed his hand on the railing of the box and vaulted to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing to such a trained athlete. He might have got safely away, had not his spur caught in the flag that draped the front of the box. He fell, the torn flag trailing on his spur; but though the fall had broken his leg, he rose instantly, brandishing his knife and shouting, "Sic Semper Tyrannis!" fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight.

Major Rathbone shouted, "Stop him!" The cry, "He has shot the President!" rang through the theater, and from the audience, stupid at first with surprise, and wild afterward with excitement and horror, men jumped upon the stage in pursuit of the assassin. But he ran through the familiar passages, leaped upon his horse, and escaped into the night.

The President scarcely moved. His head drooped forward slightly, his eyes closed. Major Rathbone, not regarding his own grievous hurt, rushed to the door to summon aid. He found it barred, and someone on the outside beating and clamoring to get in. It was at once seen that the President's wound was mortal. He was carried across the street to a house opposite, and laid upon a bed. Mrs. Lincoln followed, tenderly cared for by Miss Harris. Rathbone, exhausted by loss of blood, fainted, and was taken home. Messengers were sent for the cabinet, for the Surgeon-General, for Dr. Stone the President's family physician, and for others whose official or private relations with Mr. Lincoln gave them the right to be there. A crowd of people rushed instinctively to the White House, and bursting through the doors, shouted the dreadful news to Robert Lincoln and Major Hay who sat together in an upper room.

The President had been shot a few minutes after ten o'clock. The wound would have brought instant death to most men. He was unconscious from the first moment, but he breathed throughout the night, his gaunt face scarcely paler than those of the sorrowing men around him. At twenty-two minutes past seven in the morning he died. Secretary Stanton broke the silence by saying, "Now he belongs to the ages."

Booth had done his work thoroughly. His principal accomplice had acted with equal audacity and cruelty, but with less fatal result. Under pretext of having a package of medicine to deliver, he forced his way to the room of the Secretary of State, who lay ill, and attacked him, inflicting three terrible knife wounds on his neck and cheek, wounding also the Secretary's two sons, a servant, and a soldier nurse who tried to overpower him. Finally breaking away, he ran downstairs, reached the door unhurt, and springing upon his horse rode off. It was feared that neither Secretary Seward nor his eldest son would live, but both in time recovered.

Although Booth had been recognized by dozens of people as he stood before foot-lights brandishing his dagger, his swift horse

soon carried him beyond any hap-hazard pursuit. He crossed the Navy Yard bridge and rode into Maryland, being joined by one of his fellow-conspirators. A surgeon named Mudd set Booth's leg and sent him on his desolate way. For ten days the two men lived the lives of hunted animals. On the night of April 25 they were surrounded as they lay sleeping in a barn in Caroline County, Virginia. Booth refused to surrender. The barn was fired, and while it was burning he was shot by Boston Corbett, a sergeant of cavalry. He lingered for about three hours in great pain, and died at seven in the morning. The remaining conspirators were tried by military commission. Four were hanged, including the assailant of Secretary Seward, and the others were sentenced to imprisonment for various lengths of time.

Upon the hearts of a people glowing with the joy of victory the news of the President's death fell as a great shock. In the unspeakable calamity the country lost sight of the great army successes of the week before; and thus it came to pass that there was never any organized celebration in the North over the downfall of the Confederacy. It was unquestionably best that it should be so. Lincoln himself would not have had it otherwise, for he hated the arrogance of triumph. As it was, the South could take no offense at a grief so genuine; and the people of that section even shared, to a certain extent, in the mourning for one who, in their inmost hearts, they knew to have wished them well.

Within an hour after Mr. Lincoln's body was taken to the White House the town was shrouded in black. Not only the public buildings, the shops, and the better class of dwellings were draped in funeral decorations; still more touching proof of affection was shown in the poorest class of homes, where laboring men of both colors found means in their poverty to afford some scanty bit of mourning. The interest and veneration of the people still centered at the White House, where, under a tall catafalque in the East Room the late chief lay in the majesty of death, rather than in the modest hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue, where the new President, Andrew Johnson (who as Vice President succeeded Lincoln), had his lodgings, and where the Chief Justice administered the oath of office to him at eleven o'clock on the morning of April 15.

It was determined that the funeral ceremonies in Washington should be held on

The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln

Wednesday, April 19, and all the churches throughout the country were invited to join at the same time in appropriate observances. The ceremonies in the East Room were simple and brief, while all the pomp and circumstance that the Government could command were employed to give a fitting escort from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol, where the body of the President lay in state. The procession moved to the booming of minute guns, and the tolling of all the bells in Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria; while, to associate the pomp of the day with the greatest work of Lincoln's life, a detachment of colored troops marched at the head of the line.

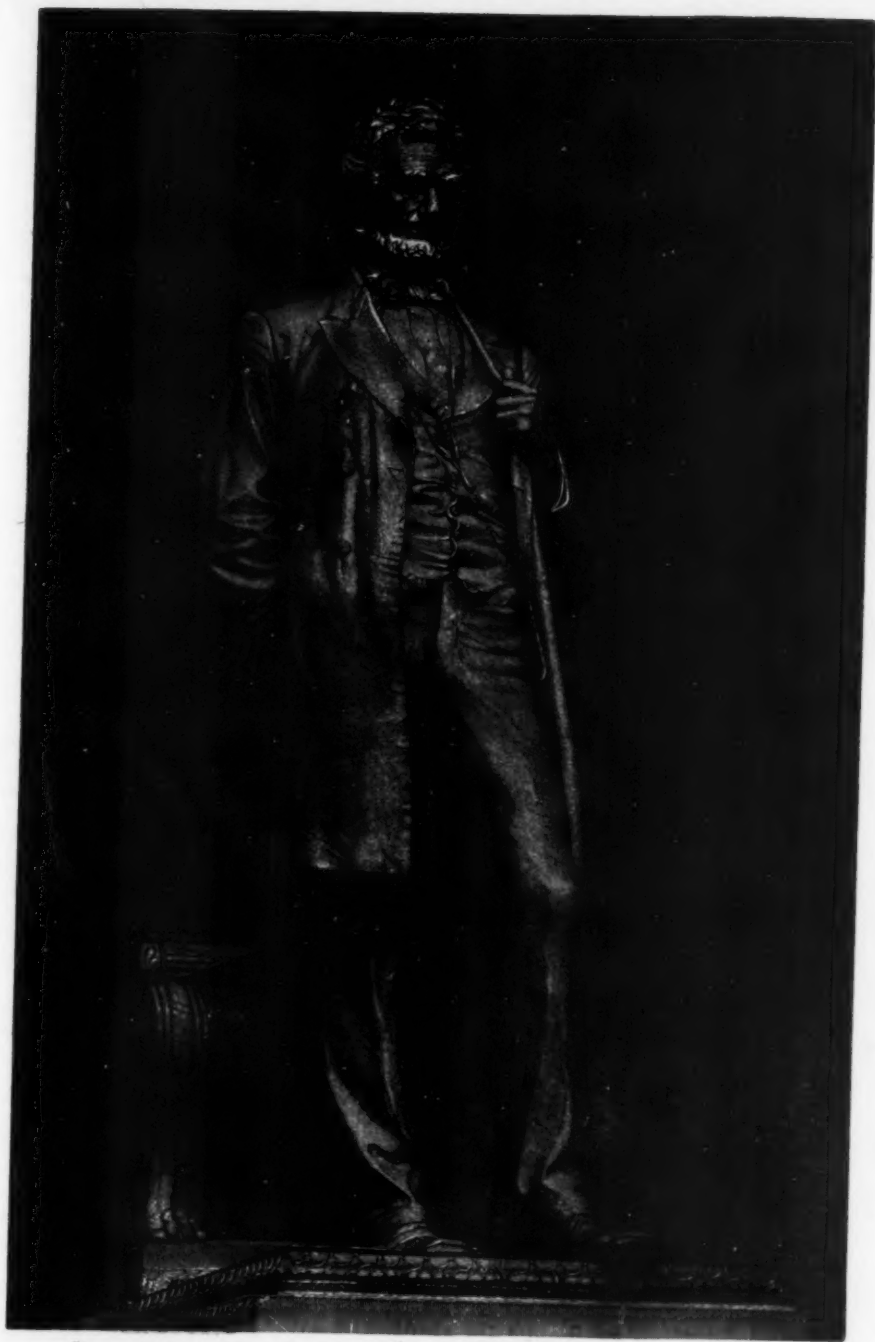
When it was announced that he was to be buried at Springfield, Illinois, every city on the way begged that the train might halt within its limits, to give its people opportunity of showing their grief and reverence. It was finally arranged that the funeral cortege should follow substantially the same route over which Lincoln had come in 1861 to take possession of the office to which he added a new dignity and value for all time. On April 21, accompanied by a guard of honor, and in a train decked with somber trappings, the journey was begun. At Baltimore, through which, four years before, it was a question whether the President-elect could pass with safety to his life, the coffin was taken with reverent care to the great dome of the Exchange, where, surrounded with evergreens and lilies, it lay for several hours, the people passing by in mournful throngs. The same demonstration was repeated, gaining constantly in depth of feeling and solemn splendor of display in every city through which the procession passed.

Springfield was reached on the morning of May 3. The body lay in state in the Capitol, which was richly draped from roof to basement in black velvet and silver fringe, while within it was a bower of bloom and fragrance. For twenty-four hours an unbroken stream of people passed through, bidding their friend and neighbor welcome home and farewell. At ten o'clock on the morning of May 4 the coffin lid was closed, and a vast procession moved out to Oak Ridge, where the town had set apart a lovely spot for his grave. Here the dead President was committed to the soil of the State which had so loved and honored him. The ceremonies at the grave were simple and touching. Bishop Simpson delivered a pathetic oration, prayers were

offered, and hymns were sung, but the weightiest and most eloquent words uttered anywhere that day were those of the Second Inaugural, which the Committee had wisely ordained to be read over his grave, as centuries before, the friends of the painter Raphael chose the incomparable canvas of "The Transfiguration" to be the chief ornament of his funeral.

Though President Lincoln lived to see the real end of the war, various bodies of Confederate troops continued to hold out for some time longer. General Johnston faced Sherman's army in the Carolinas until April 26, while General E. Kirby Smith, west of the Mississippi River, did not surrender until May 26.

As rapidly as possible Union volunteer regiments were disbanded, and soon the mighty host of 1,000,000 men was reduced to a peace footing of only 25,000. Before the great army melted away into the greater body of citizens its soldiers enjoyed one final triumph—a march through the capital of the nation, undisturbed by death or danger, under the eyes of their highest commanders and the representatives of the people whose country they had saved. Those who witnessed the solemn yet joyous pageant will never forget it; and pray that their children may never see its like. For two days this formidable host marched the long stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue, starting from the shadow of the Capitol and filling the wide street as far as Georgetown, its serried ranks moving with the easy yet rapid pace of veterans in cadence step. As a mere spectacle this march of the mightiest host the continent has ever seen was grand and imposing, but it was not as a spectacle alone that it affected the beholder. It was no holiday parade. It was an army of citizens on their way home after a long and terrible war. Their clothes were dingy, and pierced with bullets, their banners had been torn with shot and shell, and lashed in the winds of many battles. The very drums and fifes had called out the troops to night alarms, and sounded the onset on historic fields. The whole country claimed these heroes as part of themselves. They were not soldiers by profession nor from love of fighting; they had become soldiers only to save their country's life. Now, done with war, they were going joyously and peaceably back to their homes to take up the tasks they had willingly laid down in the hour of their country's need.



THE STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.
IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

Friends loaded them with flowers as they swung down the Avenue—both men and officers; some were almost hidden under them. But with all the shouting and the joy there was, in the minds of all who saw it, one sad and ever-recurring thought—the memory of the men who were absent, and who had, nevertheless, so richly earned the right to be there. The soldiers in their shrunken companies thought of the brave comrades who had fallen by the way; and through the whole vast army there was passionate, unavailing regret for their wise, gentle and powerful friend, Abraham Lincoln, gone forever from the big white house by the Avenue—who had called the great host into being, directed the course of the nation during the four years that they had been battling for its life, and to whom, more than to any other, this crowning peaceful pageant would have been full of deep and happy meaning.

WHY was this man so loved that his death caused a whole nation to forget its triumph, and turned its gladness into mourning? Why has his fame grown with the passing years until now scarcely a speech is made or a newspaper printed that does not have within it somewhere a mention of his name or some phrase or sentence that fell from his lips? Let us see if we can, what it was that made Abraham Lincoln the man that he became.

A child born to an inheritance of want; a boy growing into a narrow world of ignorance; a youth taking up the burden of coarse and heavy labor; a man entering on the doubtful struggle of a local backwoods career—these were the beginnings of Abraham Lincoln if we look at them only in the hard, practical spirit which takes for its motto that "Nothing succeeds but success." If we adopt a more generous as well as a truer view, then we see that it was the brave, hopeful spirit, the strong, active mind, and the grave law of moral growth that accepts the good and rejects the bad, which Nature gave this obscure child, that carried him to the service of mankind and the admiration of the centuries as certainly as the acorn grows to be the oak.

Even his privations helped the end. Self-reliance, the strongest trait of the pioneer, was his by blood and birth and training, and was developed by the hardships of his lot to the mighty power and firmness needed to guide our country through the bitter four years' struggle of the Civil War.

The sense of equality was his also, for he grew from childhood to manhood in a state of society where there were neither rich to envy nor poor to despise, and where the gifts and hardships of the forest were distributed without favor to each and all alike. In the forest he learned charity, sympathy, helpfulness—in a word neighborliness—for in that far-off frontier life all the wealth of India, had a man possessed it, could not have brought relief from danger or help in time of need, and neighborliness became of prime importance.

In such settlements, far removed from courts and jails, men were brought face to face with questions of natural right. The pioneers not only understood the American doctrine of self-government—they lived it. It was this understanding, this feeling, which taught Lincoln to write: "When the white man governs himself that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government—that is despotism"; and also to give utterance to its twin truth: "He who would be no slave must consent to have no slave."

Lincoln was born in the slave state of Kentucky. He lived there only a short time, and we have reason to believe that wherever he might have grown up, his very nature would have spurned the doctrine and practice of human slavery. Yet, though he hated slavery, he never hated the slave-holder. His feeling of pardon and sympathy for Kentucky and the South played no unimportant part in his dealings with grave problems of statesmanship. It is true that he struck slavery its death blow with the hand of war, but at the same time he offered the slave-owners golden payment with the hand of peace.

Abraham Lincoln was not an ordinary man. He was, in truth, in the language of the poet Lowell, a "new birth of our new soil." His greatness did not consist in growing up on the frontier. An ordinary man would have found on the frontier exactly what he would have found elsewhere—a commonplace life, varying only with the changing ideas and customs of time and place. But for the man with extraordinary powers of mind and body—for one gifted by Nature as Abraham Lincoln was gifted, the pioneer life with its severe training in self-denial, patience and industry, developed his character, and fitted him for the great duties of his after life as no other training could have done.

His advancement in the astonishing career

that carried him from obscurity to world-wide fame—from postmaster of New Salem village to President of the United States, from captain of a backwoods volunteer company to Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, was neither sudden nor accidental, nor easy. He was both ambitious and successful, but his ambition was moderate, and his success was slow. And, because his success was slow, it never outgrew either his judgment or his power. Between the day when he left his father's cabin and launched his canoe on the headwaters of the Sangamon River to begin life on his own account, and the day of his first inauguration, lay full thirty years of toil, self-denial, patience; often of effort baffled, of hope deferred; sometimes of bitter disappointment.

Almost every success was balanced—sometimes overbalanced, by a seeming failure. He went into the Black Hawk war a captain, and through no fault of his own, came out a private. He rode to the hostile frontier on horseback, and trudged home on foot. His store "winked out." His surveyor's compass and chain, with which he was earning a scanty living, were sold for debt. He was defeated in his first attempts to be nominated for the legislature and for Congress; defeated in his application to be appointed Commissioner of the General Land Office; defeated for the Senate when he had forty-five votes to begin with, by a man who had only five votes to begin with; defeated again after his joint debates with Douglas; defeated in the nomination for Vice-President, when a favorable nod from half a dozen politicians would have brought him success.

Failures? Not so. Every seeming defeat was a slow success. His was the growth of the oak, and not of Jonah's gourd. He could not become a master workman until he had served a tedious apprenticeship. It was the quarter of a century of reading, thinking, speech-making and lawmaking which fitted him to be the chosen champion of freedom in the great Lincoln-Douglas debates of 1858. It was the great moral victory won in those debates (although the senatorship went to Douglas) added to the title "Honest Old Abe," won by truth and manhood among his neighbors during a whole lifetime, that led the people of the United States to trust him with the Presidency.

And when, at last, after thirty years of en-

deavor, success had beaten down defeat, when Lincoln had been nominated, elected and inaugurated, came the crowning trial of his faith and constancy.

The outlook was indeed grave. There was treason in Congress, treason in the Supreme Court, treason in the army and navy. Confusion and discord were everywhere. To use Mr. Lincoln's forcible figure of speech, sinners were calling the righteous to repentance. Finally the flag was fired upon, at Sumter; and then came the humiliation of the riot at Baltimore, and the President for a few days practically a prisoner in the capital of the nation.

But his apprenticeship had been served, and there was to be no more failure. With faith and justice and generosity he conducted for four long years a war whose frontiers stretched from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; whose soldiers numbered a million men on each side. The labor, the thought, the responsibility, the strain of mind and anguish of soul that he gave to this great task, who can measure? "Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair weather sailor," as Emerson justly said of him. "The new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—four years of battle days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting." "By his courage, his justice, his even temper, . . . his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch."

What but a lifetime's schooling in disappointment, what but the pioneer's self-reliance and freedom from prejudice, what but the clear mind, quick to see natural right and unswerving in its purpose to follow it; what but the steady self-control, the unwarped sympathy, the unbounded charity of this man with spirit so humble and soul so great, could have carried him through the labors he wrought to the victory he attained?

With truth it could be written, "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong." So, "with malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gave him to see the right" he lived and died. We, who have never seen him, still feel daily the influence of his kindly life and cherish among our most precious possessions the heritage of his example.

THE END.



MISS FAIRY: — "DEAR ME; I MUST GET
SOME NEW CURTAINS RIGHT AWAY!"

A Changeable Little Maid

By Geo. L. Benedict.

I KNOW a little bright-eyed maid,
Whose moods now grave, now gay,
Change like a shifting weather-vane,
In quite a puzzling way.

While those who hear her laughing voice,
Her roguish smile remark,
Are wont with pleased accord to say
"She 's happy as a—lark."

Yet oftentimes, I grieve to add,
If vexed by hurt or care,
Transformed at once this maid becomes
As cross as any—bear.

And then our tongues in mild reproof
Of conduct bad we loose,
And with a frown address her thus:
"You silly little—goose!"

A Changeable Little Maid

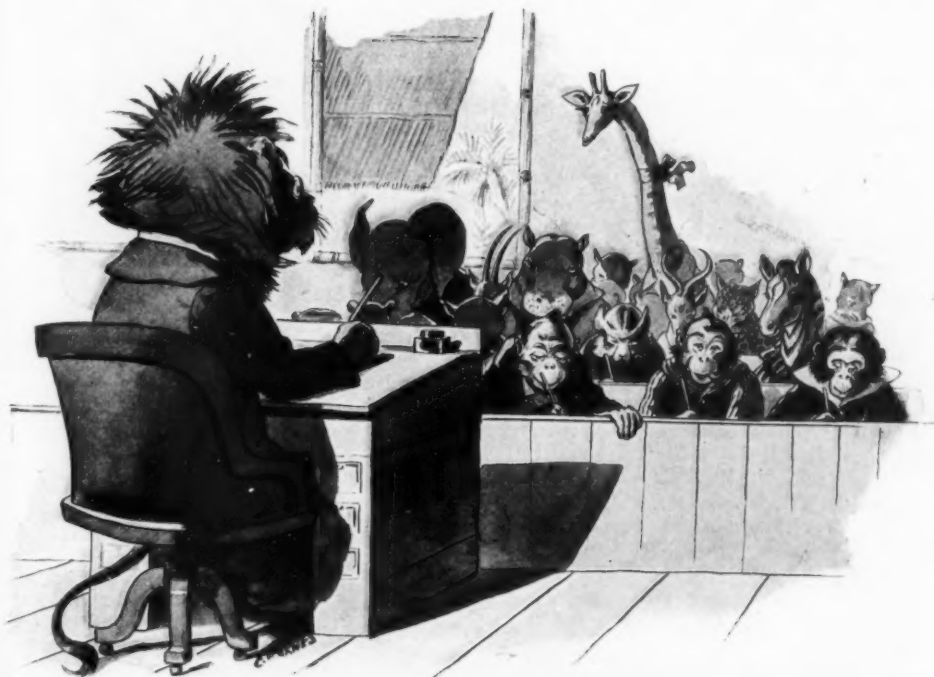
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Throughout the day her active form
First here, then there, we see,
And in amazement say she is
As busy as a—*bee*.

At last when evening shadows fall
And silence rules the house,
In slumberland she rests at ease,
As quiet as a—*mouse*.

How she can be at once a goose,
And on the selfsame day
A mouse, a lark, a bee and bear,
Is more than I can say.

Yet none the less will I maintain,
Nor contradiction fear,
That in addition to all else
She's just a little—*dear*.



EXAMINATION DAY AT CONGO HIGH SCHOOL.

TEACHER:—"Miss Giraffe, if you continue looking over the shoulders of the other scholars, I shall have to request you to leave the room."

A Question of Coals

By Margaret Johnson

Illustrated by H. Stoner

It was bitterly cold, and Hetty hung shivering over the hall register.

"I 'm almost sorry we asked the girls to come to-day," she said. "We never can make this old barn comfortable in such weather!"

The "barn" was the Marvins' big, old-fashioned country house, heated by a furnace in the cellar, and by no means proof against the nipping winds of this dark December morning.

"What are they coming for?" asked Rob, going to the closet for his overcoat.

"A Tea," said Hetty, with importance.

"Not a *real* Tea," she answered to his shrug of masculine scorn at the word. "But just some of the girls, to sew and talk, and have a jolly time, and refreshments."

"No use in my coming home early, then, if it is Saturday," said Rob, in a slightly embittered tone.

"Not any," assented Hetty, promptly.

"Boys are n't invited. We sha'n't have much of any dinner, either. For one thing, Jane 's got the neuralgia, and I know from past experience that she will retire permanently from view right after lunch. Emily and I won't be hungry, anyway, after all the things we 've had for Tea; but we 'll have a cold bite together, late, after it 's all over."

"Cheerful prospect!" murmured Rob to the hat-rack, rummaging for his gloves.

"Children!" Emily, huddling a shawl round her shoulders, came out of the dining-room, with a letter in her hand and tragedy in her face. "The Tracys are coming to spend the afternoon,—Mr. and Mrs. George Tracy, you know, from Portsmouth. To-day, of all days! She says they 're so sorry Father and Mother are not at home, but they have only a week in the city, and must see us dear children, anyhow, and—what shall we do?"

"Telegraph 'em not to come!" said Rob, with inhospitable energy.

"Never!" cried Emily, scandalized. "They 're Mother's dear old friends, and we shall have to be nice to them."

"Get them to chaperone the crowd, then. I guess they won't mind, if the girls don't."

"There 's one thing," spoke up Hetty, waking, apparently, out of a trance of dismay. "If the Tracys are coming, they 've got to be kept warm! I can't have them go-



"HE HAD AN EXASPERATING HABIT OF DOUBLING UP HIS LONG BODY IN A CHAIR."

ing back to Portsmouth and saying they were frozen out at the Marvins'. Besides, Mrs. Tracy is delicate—she feels draughts."

"It 's her heart," said Emily. "I 've heard Mother say so; and it 's *scared* she 's afraid of—not draughts. But I do think Rob ought to be able to manage this furnace better, if he really tried! There is n't a bit of heat coming up the register now!"

"He does n't half shake it," declared Hetty, shaking her own determined young head. "I believe I could do better myself,—and I shall certainly have to try," she added pointedly, "if he does n't wake up and take a little more interest!"

Rob chuckled. He had an exasperating habit, when family affairs became deranged, of doubling up his long body in a chair, and shaking with mirth, as if—strictly from an outside point of view—he were vastly amused.

"You may laugh," said Hetty, with rising spirit. "But I don't believe this house needs to be so cold! If Father were at home, it would n't be. And if you can't or won't do anything with the furnace, I shall take hold and see if I can!"

Rob chuckled again, resorting to his favorite method of self-protection. If there were ever hurt or angry feelings behind this show of quiet amusement, they were as safely concealed there as pride could wish them, and no one was the wiser.

"Good-by,—wish you joy!" he said, opening the front door, and letting in a blast of freezing air.

"We ought n't to have scolded him!" sighed Hetty. "Now he won't come back at all! Well, we'll manage some way. Let's go and make the cake, quick, Emily, before Jane gives out."

True to the traditions of her past, that good woman betook herself to her room and her bottle of Pond's Extract shortly after lunch. All was then ready for the Tea. The parlor was dainty and charming, the table spread with alluring confections, and only the icy chill which still hovered in the atmosphere belied the cosy completeness of the preparations.

"Go and dress, Emily," commanded Hetty, "while I run down and fix that fire. I'll make it burn!"

She flew down into the cellar, and Emily, shivering into her clothes upstairs, heard her rattling and banging away at the furnace, singing at the top of her blithe young voice. When she emerged, breathless and begrimed, she looked still a trifle anxious, though triumphant.

"I'm not sure about the draughts, but I guess it's all right," she said. "There's the bell now! Well, they won't realize that it's cold just at first, and the room will warm up presently. Let them in, Emily, and light all the lamps! I'll be down in a minute and join the reception committee!"

The warmth of the welcome which Emily bestowed upon Mr. and Mrs. Tracy would have compensated for much that was lacking in the atmosphere. They were so dear and kind,—and their familiar faces made her think of her own absent mother!

"Well, well!" cried Mrs. Tracy, in her soft, surprised old voice. "And so you are keeping house all by yourselves! Frank, my dear, think of it,—they are keeping house all by themselves!"

"Frank" shook his silvery head in pleasant wonder.

They were childless, these two old people; but their hearts were as fresh as the color in their unwrinkled cheeks. They seemed never to have lost the simple, wondering attitude of children toward the experiences of life. Existence offered to them a series of innocent little surprises, in whose zest they continually renewed the dew of their youth. This happy characteristic made the events of the afternoon nothing less than a long delight to them. Their kind faces beamed artless wonder and enjoyment upon the merry girls, who, in all the bustle of their work and chatter, paid a pretty deference to the gray-haired guests.

Hetty, feeling that all was going well, and, to her unutterable relief, that the room was growing warmer, slipped away to look after her fire. Perhaps something more ought to be done to it by this time. She lighted a candle, and went gingerly down into the cellar, which was quite dark, even now. The wind, howling around the house, mingled uncannily with the sounds of merriment from above, coming down hollow and distorted through the pipes. A vague rustling in a corner startled her. She looked hastily at her fire, assured herself that it was all right, and fled away up the stairs again, slamming and locking the door behind her with a breath of relief.

Back in the bright room, she gave Emily's hand a reassuring squeeze as she passed, and abandoned herself to enjoyment, until, presently, she caught a look of apprehension on Mrs. Tracy's face, and moving nearer, saw that her eyes were fixed uneasily upon the register. The next moment she heard a singular sound of rapping and scratching on the pipes below.

"What is that noise, my dear?" asked Mrs. Tracy, mildly.

"O,—that is—cats!" said Hetty, promptly. "Yes'm—they do get in the cellar some-

times, in winter. They like the heat, you know."

The relief afforded by this happy inspiration was short-lived. The noise increased, and was followed by a rattling crash and

"O, *that!*" Hetty smiled brilliantly. "That must be the—um—ah—O, yes 'm—the girl! She 's probably down cellar, getting coal."

To herself, with an accusing vision of poor Jane, swathed in Pond's Extract, up in her chilly room, she said, with conviction, "There is a man in the cellar—somebody has broken in! He is there now—and Mrs. Tracy must not know it—the shock would kill her!"

Something like a groan came wavering up through the register,—then a sighing, sinister whisper that froze one's blood.

"Crazy!" thought Hetty calmly. "Or a tramp. Thank goodness, the door is locked!"

She dashed gaily in among the girls.

"Let's have some music!" she cried. "Come, Emily, we 'll play that new duet of ours—I know Mrs. Tracy would like to hear it!"

"Louder!" she murmured, as they began the dainty *Kinderstück*, thundering away at her bass with an energy that left the discomfited Emily's part a mere trickle in the treble. "Play like mad—I 'll explain later."

They played and played, Hetty dashing wildly from one thing into another, satisfied so long as Mrs. Tracy's attention was diverted, and unruffled peace sat on her gentle brow. When at last she paused, realiz-



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"EMILY HEARD HER RATTLING AND BANGING AWAY AT THE FURNACE."

bang, as if somebody had stumbled and fallen over some heavy object on the floor. The girls, absorbed in their fun, did not notice it, but Mrs. Tracy's eyes grew large.

"What can it be?" she breathed.

ing that all was quiet below, she wondered to find herself in such a heat. Looking about, she saw that the other girls' faces were flushed, and that Mr. and Mrs. Tracy's cheeks glowed like winter apples.

"It 's getting awfully hot here," Emily whispered in her ear. "Is n't there anything we can do to the furnace?"

"Nothing!" said Hetty, with fervent emphasis. She might nerve herself to go down and brave the unknown terrors in the cellar, but who could tell what startling discovery might ensue, and if anything should happen to Mrs. Tracy's heart—better they should all perish with the heat than risk the possibility of that! If only Rob would come home!

The bell rang, and she flew to the door to find, not Rob, but one of his dearest chums, Dick Norris.

"Rob has n't come," she said, smiling at him nervously. "I wish he had! O Dick, do me a favor!"

"Of course!" said Dick, heartily. "What is it?"

"Go to the office, and get Rob! Tell him we want him at home right off!"

"I 'll bring him back myself!" cried Dick, plunging gallantly out into the snow.

Refreshed by her breath of cool air, Hetty returned hopefully to the parlor. It was growing hotter and hotter. The girls were fanning themselves with handkerchiefs and papers, and Mrs. Tracy smiled drowsily in a corner, while Mr. Tracy wiped the moisture from his perspiring brow.

"Somebody will spontaneously combust if we don't do something!" thought Hetty, desperately, and opened a window with stealthy hand. But Mrs. Tracy was instantly conscious of a draught, and it was closed again.

"Pretty warm here, are n't you?" suggested Dick, easily, coming back with the report that Rob was not at the office—had probably started for home.

"O, does it seem warm?" wondered Hetty, politely. "It 's such a cold day, we thought—Stay with us till Rob comes, won't you?" she finished, in a different tone. Dick, catching its eagerness, assented cordially, and with the added gayety of his presence, the Tea came to a joyous end.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy stayed until the last girl had gone. "Such a treat, dear!" said Mrs. Tracy, as Emily bundled her in her wraps. "Such a happy afternoon,—was n't

it, Frank? There 's only one thing—you won't mind an old woman speaking of it, dear?—I do think you keep your house a little too warm—don't you think so, Frank?—just a little,—for health, you know!"

Hetty fell back on the sofa in a collapsed heap as the door closed.

"We keep our house too warm!" she cried. "*We*, Emily,—what a triumph! Now, listen both of you, quick—there 's somebody down in the cellar—a robber or a burglar or—what 's that!"

A vigorous pounding on the front door brought the girls to their feet, and Dick sprang into the hall with an air of being equal to a whole army of burglars. "Stay there!" he cried. "I 'll go!"

The door flew open. There was a shriek, a scuffle, a shout of laughter, and Dick came flying back, followed by a familiar, yet strangely terrifying figure,—white with dust and cobwebs, black with coal, wet with snow, breathing threatenings and slaughter from every feature of his fierce though grimy countenance,—by all that was incomprehensible—Rob!

"Where have you been?" cried Emily; but the truth burst upon Hetty even before he answered.

"Been? In the cellar!" thundered Rob. "Hetty ought to know—she locked me down there!"

"I never!" gasped Hetty. "You were n't there!"

"Was n't I, though!" scoffed the victim, bitterly. "Did n't I sneak in the back way so as not to disturb you, and go down to fix the fire, and while I was round the corner getting coal, did n't you creep down like a ghost, so that I never knew you were there till I saw your candle going up the stairs, and then I rushed after you and almost pounded the door down, but you 'd gone back to your precious Tea, and never heard."

"But why did n't you"—began Emily.

"I *did*!" cried her brother. "I signalled up the register every way I could think of, but you did n't catch on a bit. I did n't dare make too much of a row, for fear of Mrs. Tracy's heat; and when that racket on the piano began, I knew it was all up with me, and just sat down in sackcloth and ashes,—especially ashes,—and—went to sleep."

Dick doubled himself up on the sofa and roared, and the girls laughed until even Rob's injured and indignant countenance relaxed into a protesting grin.

A Question of Coals

"How did you get out?" asked Emily, through her tears.

"Broke a window, and crawled out over a coal-heap," answered her brother. "The slam of the door must have waked me up when

"I 'm not mad—only grieved," said Rob, with dignity. "Besides, though it was dirty down there, it was n't cold; and then, I got used to it after a while. 'My very chains and I grew friends, So much a long communion tends'—Dick

Norris, if you don't quit laughing, and come and help me brush up, I 'll put you down there to try being 'Prisoner of Chillon' awhile yourself!"



"A FAMILIAR, YET STRANGELY TERRIFYING FIGURE."

the people went. I supposed I 'd been there all night, probably, and thought I might starve to death if I did n't get out somehow, soon."

"O Bobby dear, don't mind—we can't help it!" said Hetty, wiping her eyes. "If you knew—"

Hetty said, tenderly: "I forgive you, Bobby, for almost roasting us alive—to say nothing of poor Mr. and Mrs. Tracy, who think we have n't an ounce of sense among us—because I know now it was just 'coals of fire' for Emily and me, and we deserved it!"

"BUT I thought you were n't coming home," Emily began, later, when they were all gathered about the table, and Rob, washed and comforted, was being fed by the repentant Hetty with bread and milk and all the left-over luxuries of the Tea. "You said—"

"You said there was n't going to be any dinner!" retorted Rob, without bitterness. "But I thought I 'd come home and look after things anyhow—I knew Hetty could n't do anything with that fire. By the way," he added, looking up innocently. "Were you warm enough? I did my best—just fired up the old caboose, put all the draughts on, and let her go, before I went to sleep. It seemed to me when I woke up"—A shout of laughter stopped him, astonished. But

Abbie Ann

By George Madden Martin

Author of the "Emmy Lou" Stories.

Illustrated by C. M. Relyea

CHAPTER I

ABBIE ANN, as she skipped along the platform of the little railroad station by her father's side, turned her head to see her new sash. Perhaps she was wishing there was some one beside herself to admire it; but the tracks, the switches, the station, made Coal City, as it was some twenty years ago. Beyond the bend, nearer the coke ovens, were the rows of frame houses occupied by the miners and their families.

Abbie Ann's father was tall and close-bearded and he looked pre-occupied; he was leading her along by the hand as if he had forgotten entirely that she was there, and she was skipping, not only because the general tune of life is one to skip to, but because he went so fast.

He paused at the open door of the station, and Mr. McEwan, the agent, within, looked up. Next to her father, Abbie Ann, who was nine years old, long ago had decided she cared for Mr. McEwan more than for any one else in the world. Now her world, beside father and Mr.

Mr. McEwan, as they darkened the doorway looked up, and the telegraph instrument clicked on under his rapid fingers.

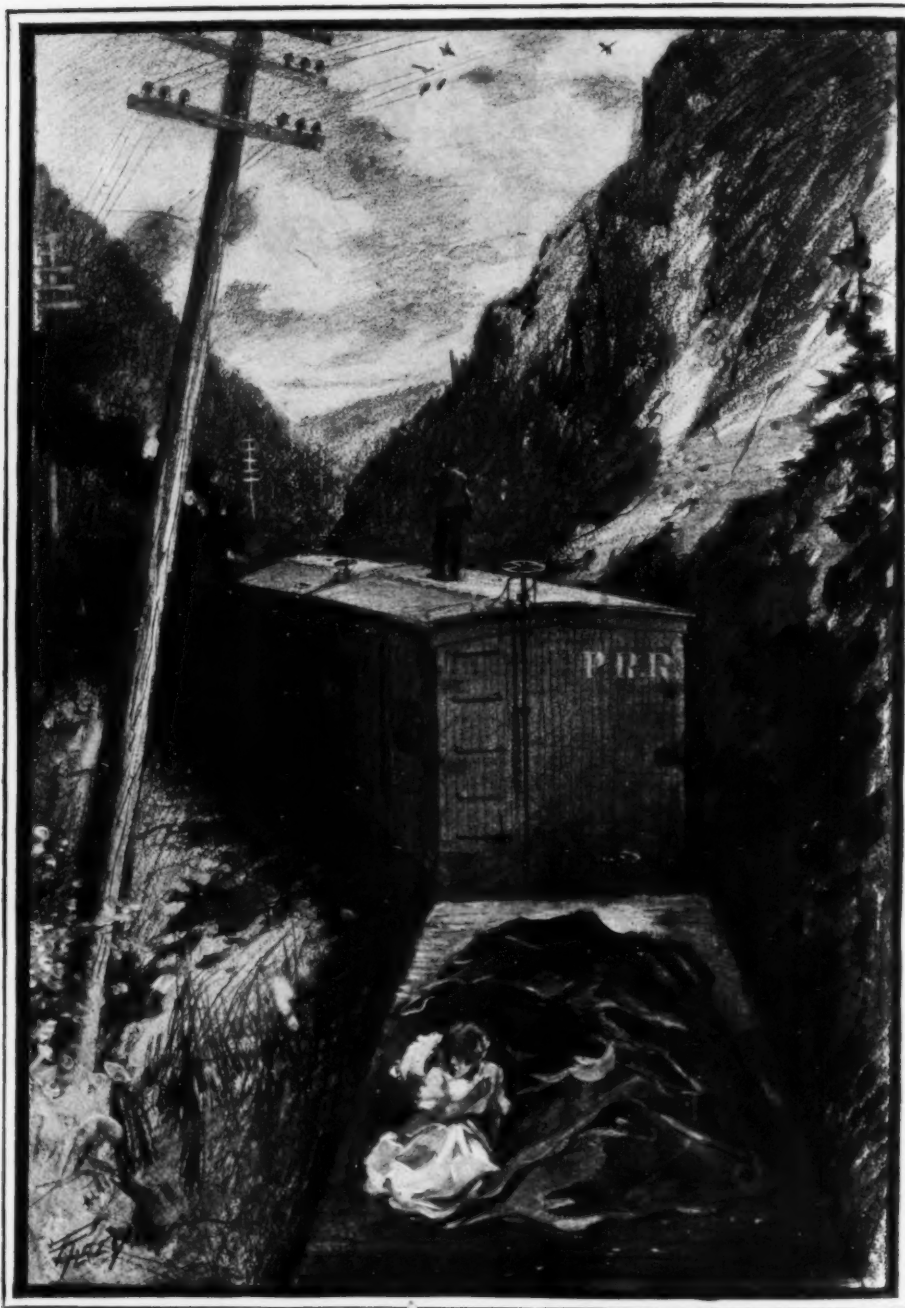
"May I leave Abbie with you for an



"SHE TRIED TO SEE HERSELF IN THE LOOKING-GLASS."

McEwan, consisted of Coal City and its inhabitants, the miners and their families.

hour or more, Mr. McEwan?" asked her father, stepping familiarly into the room.



"A BUMP, A RUSH OF AIR, THE NOISE OF THE LOCOMOTIVE WAKED HER."

Mr. McEwan looked at Abbie Ann. He wore glasses and when he opened his eyes wide and blinked them quick, the glasses winked. They winked at Abbie now.

"Why not?" said he.

Another thing about Mr. McEwan was, that when he raised his eyebrows interrogatively, it lifted his hair too, which was red and which stood up like a brush. When his glasses winked and his hair lifted, Abbie had come, long ago, to know that he was pleased.

This being the case now, and his little daughter provided for, Abbie Ann's father turned hastily and went back to the wagonette where the gentlemen who had come to see the mine, were waiting. When money is being sought to further develop a coal mine, would-be investors are to be given undivided attention. So Abbie Ann was left behind and Father and the gentleman drove off.

Abbie went over to the desk and stood beside Mr. McEwan. Looking up, he surveyed her with a speculative air. Then he shook his head dubiously.

"You really don't look it," he said.

"What?" asked Abbie Ann.

"A young barbarian."

Abbie Ann grew violently red. Mr. McEwan was quoting the lady who had gone off on the evening train the night before last. She had been engaged to come to Coal City in the interests of Abbie Ann and her general welfare and education and had departed after making a discouragingly short trial of the situation. Therefore Abbie Ann now grew red.

But here the telegraph instrument, which never had stopped, began to click frantically, and Mr. McEwan transferred his attention from her to it.

Abbie was used to every one being busy; her father was always pre-occupied, being a part owner, and the superintendent of the mine; everybody in Coal City was busy, the miners, their wives, the children, all, it would seem, but Abbie Ann and the babies.

It was very hot in the telegraph office. The benches too around the walls were hard, and Abbie knew the old faded railroad posters by heart, so she tried to see her new sash in the cheap little looking-glass which hung, tilted, opposite the ticket window. She had bought the sash herself, that morning, at the store, her father allowing her to choose anything she preferred, for staying behind with Mr. McEwan. It was a rich magenta and the great amount of linen in its composition

gave it a stiff and elegant gloss indeed. Abbie considered the effect against her pink gingham dress very fine.

She had a fear that her father had not tied it right, though it had taken him some time, but the glass hung too high for her to get a view of it. She could see her face however and since it was smiling at her, she smiled back at it, then tipped her hat a little to observe the effect that way.

She was obliged to admit that her hair was red; Mr. McEwan always told her so, but then it was not the red of *his*, and "it was not" straight. Abbie Ann called hers "brown red" and she called his "red red," and she consoled herself further with the fact that hers curled.

When Mr. McEwan wanted to tease he told her that her temper was the color of her hair, at which for a long time she used to stamp her foot; but lately she had stopped, since he asked if that did not prove what he said.

The glass tilted on the wall also showed Abbie's cheeks to be red, and her eyes brown. She felt she would hate not to be as pretty as she was, but she felt also, she would feel worse to have Mr. McEwan know she thought she was pretty. He declared even now that when she wore a new dress or a new hat she strutted. On all such occasions he used to drawl:

"How loves the little Abbie Ann
To dress so fine each hour,
And spend her money for a fan
Or artificial flower."

When Abbie Ann found, any way she tip-toed, that she could not see her sash, she went out on the platform. She had her new August St. NICHOLAS, but the platform was reeking and resinous even in this early morning sun, so fierce was the day. Across the main tracks on a switch, upon which the shadow of Black Diamond Mountain still fell, stood a flat-car. A few tarpaulins lay together on it. That Abbie was forbidden to play on the tracks or to walk on the switches was true enough, but there are always reasons to apply to the especial case at hand. It looked cool and shady and inviting on the flat-car, and the tarpaulins offered a comfortable nook. It was n't a flat-car suddenly, as she looked over at it, it was a house, her own little house in which she lived and looked out on the rest of the world.

And here Abbie jumped down off the platform and ran across and clambered up on it.

It was snug, and cosy, and far-off, even as she had pictured, and crouching down on the

other side of the tarpaulins she laughed to think what a hunt Mr. McEwan would have when he came to look for her.

She would not let him hunt too long, because there was sure to be an apple for her, or maybe a candy pipe if he had been to the Junction lately, or perhaps a chocolate mouse. Once it had been popcorn, and in the box with it was a ring set with a green diamond. Mr. McEwan said it was a rare thing, a green diamond, a rare gem, he called it. Next to her father, Abbie cared most for him.

While Mr. McEwan had been at College, he became sick. Later he came to Coal City, away off in the Allegheny Mountains because he could get a job and get well, too. At first he used to say he meant to go back to College.

"When?" Abbie Ann had asked him, for even that long ago she hated to spare him.

"Some time," he always assured her.

"Why some time," Abbie had worried him to know, "Why not *what* time?"

"Because time 's money," Mr. McEwan always said.

But later on he stopped saying he was going. Abbie asked him why again.

"Because I 'm finding time is n't," said he.

"Is n't what?" queried Abbie.

"Money."

It was very hard to follow Mr. McEwan sometimes. Abbie did not try to that day. While she waited for him to come hunting her, she read her magazine. There was a discouraging number of words she had to spell. Her father one day said she was backward in her reading, but she told him he was wrong, that she always spelt right ahead.

Somehow, to-day, the reading seemed harder than ever, and Abbie found it warmer than it had looked, in the car; the click, click, click, of the telegraph instrument reached her far off and faint, and—presently her head fell over against the piled up tarpaulins and she forgot to lift it,—and—

A BUMP, a rush of air, the noise of a locomotive waked her. Scrambling from the tarpaulin little Abbie Ann stood up, but lost her balance and sat down again. The flat-car was one of a long train leaving the switch. Coal City was already behind, its little square station, gleaming yellow against the mountainous background, growing smaller every moment. A brakeman was walking the long line of cars ahead. Abbie Ann screamed to him, but her voice was lost in the bumping and grinding of the brakes.

Had the train been going westward toward the Junction, Abbie knew she could have gotten off in an hour and waited for the afternoon train back to Coal City, but they were rushing in the opposite direction. The mountains loomed strange and dark, it was somber in this defile and chill and tunnel-like. The flat-car jerked and bumped.

Abbie Ann swallowed tears and lumps and sulphur smoke all together. Ever after she never knew whether terror meant a sulphur taste on the tongue, or whether a sulphur taste brought back terror. Or did a falling-away at the pit of the stomach mean both?

She screamed, and screamed again to the vanishing station, and choked between times. It was as if, across the increasing space, she yet clung with desperate little fingers to father, to Mr. McEwan, to the known, the familiar, the habitual, and one by one the fingers were being torn from their hold.

She screamed, and screamed again, then with a sudden sense, such as can come even to a baby, of "what 's the use?" the little red-headed girl in the pink dress and magenta sash, with the grim fire-clad Alleghenies looming either side over her, threw herself on the gritty car floor and clung to the tarpaulins and cried and beat with her feet against the boards. It was rage. Abbie Ann was one to shake furious little fists in the face of contrary Fortune.

After how long she did not know, little Abbie, clinging to the tarpaulins for very terror of this swaying, rocking fury of the rush through space, sat up.

Not long before, in the night, her father had wrapped her in a blanket and carried her to the window. It was a red-eyed monster, with a fiery trail behind, speeding the skies, she looked out on. It was called a comet. Herself a mere speck on the trail of this rushing thing, Abbie found herself thinking of that monster now.

Yet seeing them go by Coal City every day, ordinarily Abbie Ann called them locomotives and freight cars. She even knew their number and the names of the engineers.

Then with a gone feeling everywhere, the small object on the flat-car gazed at the flying scene, a brawling river churning itself to foam on one side, steep walls and dark-clad slopes of mountains on the other, and each moment of it carrying her away from father.

She even thought of jumping, but she was afraid. The cinders fell thick, the rush thundered back upon her in the echo. And on they

went, over bridges, the brawling river beneath, through tunnels where the smoke blinded and choked and strangled the little numbed soul clutching at safety and the tarpaulins, in and out the gloom and somber grandeur, the long freight train rushed.

At last when rage and terror and the numb despair all had died away to apathy, when she could not even cry, as the train took a curve Abbie Ann saw the brakeman traveling over his route, from car to car. Do things always begin to travel our way when once we have given in? This time the brakeman was traveling backward over the train. He reached the rear end of the box-car next to her flat-car. It was Jim, a trainman Abbie had talked to often, on the switch at Coal City. He used to smile when he talked and his eyes and teeth, all shiny white, would look funny out of the grime of his face.

"Jim," she cried, "Jim, oh Jim!" Her little voice, naturally, was lost, but since in her joy to see him, she had crawled out to the middle of the swaying flat-car, why Jim saw her and climbed down. Now one is not looking for red-headed little girls to roll out of tarpaulins on a freight train.

"Great Scott!" roared Jim, almost losing his balance in the suddenness of his surprise. Abbie Ann smiled through tears. It was different now Jim had come.

"It's the little Coal City kid," he gasped. Abbie Ann explained in hysterical screams. His face of mingled grime and concern made her laugh.

Jim straightened up. "Hold on," he roared, "wait here till I come back."

As if she could do anything else, Jim was so funny. Everything however was all right now, and with an amazing sudden sense of light-heartedness, little Abbie watched Jim go on his clambering way. It was Jim's responsibility now. Even the mountains seemed lower. Or were they foothills along here?

But she had time to think that terrible things had befallen him before he returned. He did n't come, and he did n't come. Had Jim forgotten her? Had he fallen off the train? Never, never would she see her father again.

Just then he came clambering back, and reaching her, sat down on the tarpaulin and wiped the smoke and grime from his face.

"We're going to put you on the passenger we meet at Lynn, at five-ten. We're side-tracked there. That'll get you at Coal City at eleven. We'll telegraph your Father our

next stop. It's three now. I reckon he's about crazy."

"But it will be all right when I get there," said the now satisfied Abbie Ann hopefully.

At Lynn, two hours later, Jim carried her off, and took her over to the hotel and got her some supper, but first he asked a girl there to wash her face. Abbie Ann caught a glimpse of it in a gilt-framed mirror on the wall. Her eyes and her little teeth gleamed white through grime; but she did not laugh as she had when it was Jim's face. It was a nice girl he asked this favor of, a girl with red cheeks, and she even stayed while Abbie Ann, perched on a high stool at a counter, ate supper. When the express thundered in, Jim boarded it with Abbie Ann. His own train was puffing on the switch. He explained the matter to the conductor, whom Abbie Ann had often nodded to from the Coal City platform.

"Richardson of the Black Diamond? I'll see she reaches him," he said, and off into the night the Express thundered westward. They reached Coal City at eleven. The conductor handed off a plump, red-headed little girl half asleep. In her arms were a bag of candy, one of fruit, a toy puzzle, and a picture paper, given her by the conductor, the porter, the butcher boy and a lady on the sleeper. Abbie Ann had quite enjoyed the trip.

She saw Mr. McEwan first. His hair was standing up brushier than ever, and he looked strange and wild. When he grabbed her from the conductor, the clutch of his hand hurt.

"She's here!—and safe!—" he called. And then his breath seemed to catch. And as the Express rushed on into the darkness, he handed Abbie Ann over to her father next behind him. The whole of Coal City seemed to be there too, men, women, visiting gentlemen and all. They had been hunting Abbie Ann from noon until the telegram came in the afternoon.

Generally her father was pre-occupied. Now he held her close.

"My little girl,—my little girl," he kept saying under his breath, all the way up the cinder road, while the strange gentlemen followed after, past the coke ovens, throwing their deep glow out into the darkness, to the big house next the store, where Abbie Ann and her father lived. And when for answer, Abbie Ann rubbed her cheek against his, she found his was wet.

(To be continued.)



WHERE THANKSGIVING HOLIDAYS ARE NOT POPULAR.

Dorothy May and Walter Hay

"GOOD MORNING!" said Walter Hay.

"Good Morning!" said Dorothy May.

They were very polite,—they never said "Halloo!"—in the days when little girls wore bonnets and long dresses, and the little boys, tall hats and long trousers.

"I 'm going across the fields to Grandma's," said Dorothy May.

"So am I," said Walter Hay, "—to my Grandma's, so we can go together." Then they walked on, and Walter Hay thought of the cookies he would get at Grandma's, and Dorothy May of what she could say next.

At last she thought of something. "I have just been reading a most enjoyable book, called 'Brave Deeds of Youthful Heroes,'" she began, in the prim little way she had learned from Aunt Eliza.

"I *always* enjoy a book telling of the deeds of brave men or boys," said Walter Hay.

"But this is n't only about boys—" objected Dorothy May, resentfully. "Half the stories in it are about girls, and they were every bit as brave as the boys!"

Walter knew it was not polite to contradict, but in his heart he thought that girls *could n't* be as brave as boys.

At last they came to the stile leading into the field they were to cross, and the gentleman gallantly helped the little lady over.

Suddenly Walter caught Dorothy's arm, "Oh—" he whispered excitedly, "Oh—there 's a big black bull over there beside that bush, and—and—he 's coming right for us." And with a wild scream, he tore back to the stile again, without a thought for Dorothy May.

As breathless and panting he scrambled to the top, he gave a terrified glance behind him, and then and there he changed his mind about boys always being braver than girls, for Dorothy May stood with her arm around the "big black bull's" neck, laughing gaily.

"Why it 's only an old Brindle Cow," she cried, "a dear Brindle Cow, who would n't hurt a fly. Come on, you silly Walter Hay!"

And Walter Hay "came on" with a very red, sheepish face, and across the fields they went again, but this time it was Dorothy May who thought of cookies—at her Grandma's—while Walter Hay thought of "Brave Deeds of Youthful Heroes," and wished he had been a hero when he had the chance.

GINA H. FAIRLIE.



- After the Ball. -

A Foot-Ball Parody
on a
Once-Popular Song

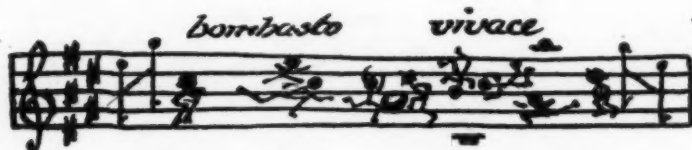
by
- Two Flats -



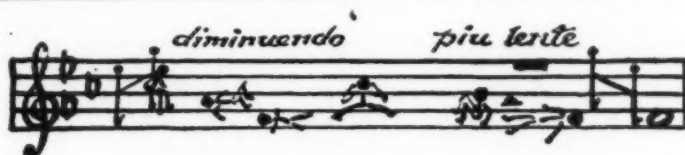
ON A FROSTY MORNING, WITH A CROWD OF BOYS-



JIM GOES TO THE BALL-FIELD, FULL OF TRICKS AND NOISE;



THEY KICK TILL THE BALL GOES OVER, AND THE GOAL IS WON,



BUT WHEN THE GAME IS ENDED, IT IS'NT HALP THE FUN.



AFTER THE BALL IS OVER, AFTER THE GOAL IS WON,



ON GO THE BIG SHIN-PLASTERS, - GRACIOUS! NOW COULD THEY RAME



UP COME THE EMERGENCY DOCTORS, ANSWERING THE AMBULANCE CALL,



JIM WONT RUN TILL NEXT SEASON, AFTER THE BALL.

How to Teach a Pet Bird Pretty Tricks

By Mary Dawson

Illustrated by Photographs



HE bright bird learns to perform simple tricks as readily as a puppy or a kitten, and if his education has been properly conducted enjoys his pretty "stunt" and takes as much pride in it as does his human audience.

Of course, some birds, like some people, are slower to master an idea than others, but with patience and kindness any feathered pet will acquire a few tricks at least, and if there are several bird members of the household, quite a little circus may be arranged.

Much of the originality of the songsters is destroyed, or prevented from developing, by keeping them continually in the cage. If you want to discover the true characteristics of your pet, open the cage door from time to time, and welcome him as a member of the family circle. With the windows closed there is no possible danger, and besides supplying the exercise which caged birds get too little of, this freedom and familiarity will help to develop "cute" little traits of character which you would otherwise never suspect.

It is a common mistake to think that pets can only be taught when hungry, and to commence a bird's training by depriving it of breakfast, dinner or supper is a most unhappy beginning.

In reality the feathered folk are just as apt and full of fun after a comfortable meal as before it, and to starve, scold or otherwise ill-treat the little creature will usually render it too unhappy to learn quickly if at all.

Birds are extremely nervous beings. They love a low, quiet voice, and gentle movements—love to be talked to, coaxed and made much of.

If the pet is a new one and seems specially excitable or timid, you will have to teach it first of all not to fear you. Any little games he is to learn must be acquired afterwards.

To calm and reassure a nervous bird make it a point never to run up to the cage in a hurry or with noise of any kind. Approach slowly and call to the warbler as you go to let him know that breakfast or bath or some other good thing is on the way.

The boy or girl with no idea of the timidity of bird nature rushes toward the cage without warning, jerks the seed cup from its holder, replaces it in the same way and snaps the door to without a word, almost frightening the poor inmate to death. This is a very unfortunate course, for to train a bird it must become thoroughly tame and fond of master or mistress. It must be convinced of the affection of those among whom it dwells.

It is well to accustom the pet little by little to gentle and considerate handling. After the first nervousness has been coaxed away this second step may be attempted. When he will sit on your hand or perch on your shoulder, the foundation of some pretty trick has been laid.

To take a bird in your hand don't open the cage and grab for it at random. This excites the tiny creature and teaches it to dread your arrival. First take out the top perch, slip one hand inside of the cage and follow the bird outside the cage with the other. When caught, hold it very, very gently between the hands, and lightly, for birds cannot endure squeezing or any kind of pressure. Allow it to settle its feet comfortably on one of your fingers, talking to it in a low, coaxing tone, and after a few minutes return it to the cage. Some little treat should be given as you put it back, such as a leaf of lettuce, a bit of apple or a fig. Fruit and green tidbits are the candy of the bird-world. Repeat this every morning for a short time.

Next teach the little fellow to hop on your hand of his own free will. You can easily tempt him into doing this by placing a leaf of lettuce or some other dainty of which he is fond on your palm and holding your hand just outside the open door of the cage. The coveted morsel will help him to overcome any lingering fears he may have of you or of the room.

Another time he may be wheedled into mounting your shoulder. This trick is readily taught by pinning a crisp, fresh lettuce leaf to the sleeve of coat or gown. When this has been repeated a number of times, the bird hopping up to get it on each occasion, he will

have discovered what a comfortable perch the human shoulder can be.

A simple trick which most birds learn readily is that of kissing the master or mistress. They can be trained to kiss the person they are fond of whenever he or she approaches the cage, even through the bars. Place between your lips a seed or some edible

was repeated until the supply of hemp was exhausted after which the clever pet returned to enjoy his own morning meal.

Some very pretty tricks of the more unusual order are shown in the photographs. These were posed by birds belonging to Miss Virginia Pope, the Bird Doctor.

A charming one is climbing a ladder. For



ONE OF THE FAMILY.

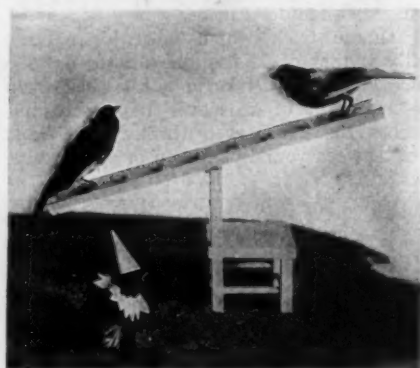
which the pet especially likes, and let it remove the morsel with its bill. It will learn after a small amount of practice to come to your shoulder and to kiss you.

A clever little canary called Tiddlywinks was trained to feed his master with hemp seed before beginning on his own breakfast. This is an interesting little "stunt" which other intelligent birds could readily pick up. Two or three of the hemp seeds for the master were placed in the seed-cup with the canary food. When he placed the cup in the cage the owner would say "Tiddlywinks, master wants his breakfast." The little creature would immediately find one of the hemp seeds and bring it to the door of the cage which was opened when he arrived with it. Flying to the finger held out for him to perch upon, Tiddly would shell the seed and place the kernel between the owner's lips. This

this, coax the bird to hop first on one finger, then to hop from a finger of the left hand we will say, to one on the right. Then raise the hands one above the other so that in hopping from the index finger of the left to that of the right hand, or vice versa, the suggestion of climbing a ladder will be given. Lift one hand over the other several times. When the pet has learned to enjoy this frolic which he is sure to do in a short time, try a real ladder of doll-house size such as you see in the photograph. Rest it against the back of a doll's chair or anything else suitable which happens to be at hand. Lift the bird upon the first round and coax it from this to the one above. Never force or scold the pet if he fails to seize your idea and to carry out your wishes at once. Work little by little and always with unfailing kindness until the "stunt" is mastered.



CLIMBING THE LADDER.



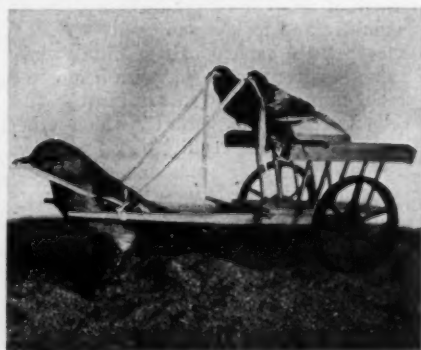
SEE-SAW.



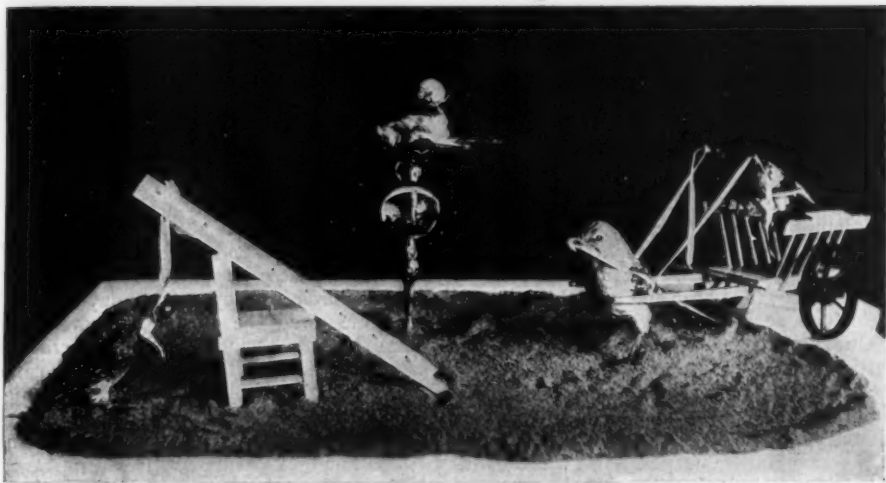
THE BASKET TRICK.



BALANCING.



AN AFTERNOON DRIVE.



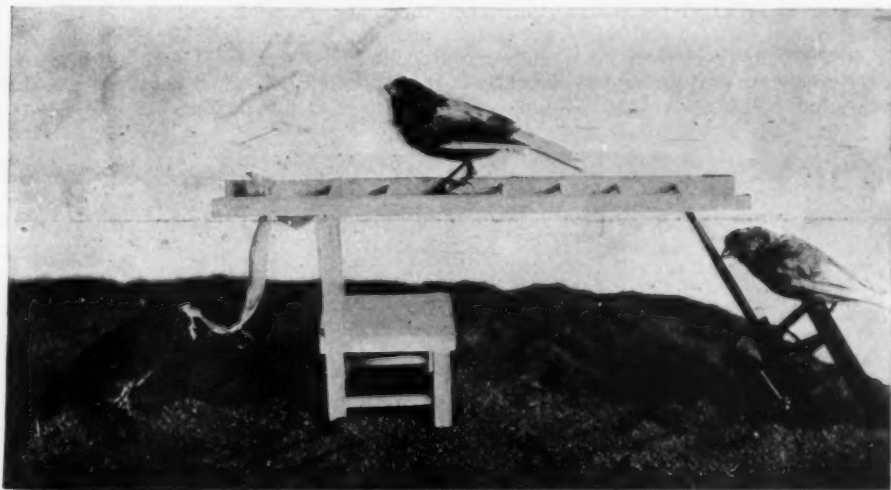
AN ACT BY THE WHOLE COMPANY.

In the ladder trick just described a tiny bell can be fastened to the top round of the ladder as shown in the illustration. Birds having a keen sense of fun love to play with the jingling bells. They will cheerfully mount the ladder for the amusement of ringing one, having once discovered what it is there for.

There are many tricks which two, three or several birds can take part in together. For example, if the ladder is poised across the back of a tiny chair or something else of the

same kind, two birds will immensely enjoy a seesaw game. They learn naturally to balance and manage the seesaw as cleverly as any boys or girls.

Another trick is balancing on a ball, while three birds can have jolly good times riding in and drawing a cart. One pet plays horse, being harnessed to the miniature cart with narrow ribbon. Two birds ride in the cart holding the ribbons in their bills. The driving party will sometimes wend its way quite a little distance (as bird-distances go) around



A THREE-PART ACT.

How to Teach a Pet Bird Pretty Tricks

the room, before the feathered steed is tired, or the excursion party wishes to dismount.

When your pet has become thoroughly accustomed to a little gentle handling, he will probably have learned to lie on his back, either in the palm of your hand or anywhere he is placed. This, also, is the foundation of more than one merry game. Thus, he may be willing to lie on his back as represented in the picture holding a wee marble in his claws.

If the little fellow is particularly good about sitting still, make for it a tiny foolscap and ruff of white paper and teach him to wear these for a few minutes when told to do so.

One bird owned by Miss Pope had the particularly cute trick of bursting through the tissue paper of a circus hoop (made specially for his birdship, a few inches in diameter), while another converted the swing of its cage into a trapeze, and would whiz through the air heels over head like a circus performer. A third member of the same happy family would slide down a wire or cord to imitate an escape from a burning building.

Birds and animals are like "humans." Study their dispositions and you will find them both different from each other and original in their tastes and views. All birds are not of equal intelligence, the difference being in the individual pet rather than in the species, so that whatever the class to which your pet bird belongs it may turn out to be extremely clever if its intelligence is developed by kindness and petting.

However, even those who are not apt at mastering complicated performances will be found to have a dozen and one pretty traits. By studying to develop whatever cleverness yours possesses, you cannot fail to make it doubly interesting.

Sometimes a trait or habit which the pet acquires naturally can be developed into a fascinating little stunt which will be performed at the wish of master or mistress. In this way the bird shown in the pictures was found to have taken a great fancy to a wee basket cut from a nutshell. Developing this natural liking, he was trained to stand on the back of a doll-chair or in some similar position holding the nut shell basket. Not until a seed or something edible was dropped into his toy does he abandon the "pose".

Most birds love toys. The playthings help to while away the time and prevent them from tearing their plumage. Parrots are especially devoted to playthings and can be trained to do simple tricks with the objects specially fancied. A soft-billed bird will amuse itself for an hour with a peanut which it can not break, a tiny bell or a mirror just big enough to reflect its own head.

Wild birds as well as canaries and other imported birds learn tricks readily and while it seems infinitely pleasanter to have the wild friends singing for us outside our windows than imprisoned indoors, circumstances sometimes occur which make it desirable to domesticate them. For example, a young bird may have fallen or fluttered from the nest, and if the home cannot be found it must be fed to save it. Or an older bird may be discovered injured in some way, or stunned from contact with an electric wire. In such cases birds often become devoted to their rescuer. They can be taught and trained exactly like a canary or a bulfinch. Special gentleness is necessary in handling wild birds, as unlike the domesticated species they are not used to associating with human beings and are therefore more easily frightened.



FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



By Margaret and Clarence Weed



ONCE upon a time there was a King in Spain who had only one leg. He was a Good King and he had a big Animal Farm where he kept all the animals who had lost one or more of their legs.

In another part of Spain there was a Little Half Chick with only one eye, one wing and one leg. The other chickens with two eyes and two legs gobbled up the corn so fast that Little Half Chick was nearly starved.

One day a Donkey told Little Half Chick about the Good King and his Animal Farm. Little Half Chick at once started hoppity-hop for Mother Hen and said,

"Mother Hen, I am going to Madrid to see the Good King."

"All right," said Mother Hen, "good luck to you."

So Little Half Chick started off, hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop along the road to Madrid to see the Good King.

Soon she met a Two-legged Cat going along hippity-hip, hippity-hip on her leg and crutch. The Cat said,

"Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?"

Little Half Chick said, "I am going to Madrid to see the Good King."

"May I go too?" said the Two-legged Cat.

"Yes," said Little Half Chick, "fall in behind."

So the Cat fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat.

Soon they met a Three-legged Dog going along humpity-hump, humpity-hump. The Dog said:

"Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?"

Little Half Chick said: "I am going to Madrid to see the Good King."

"May I go too?" said the Three-legged Dog.

"Yes," said Little Half Chick, "fall in behind."



"THEY BOTH LAUGHED AS ALL THESE FUNNY ANIMALS CAME UP."

So the Dog fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat. Humpity-hump, humpity-hump went the Three-legged Dog.

Soon they met a One-legged Crow going along jumpity-jump, jumpity-jump. The Crow said:

"Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?"

Little Half Chick said: "I am going to Madrid to see the Good King."

"May I go too?" said the One-legged Crow.

"Yes," said Little Half Chick, "fall in behind."

So the Crow fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat. Humpity-hump, humpity-hump went the Three-legged Dog. Jumpity-jump, jumpity-jump went the One-legged Crow.

Soon they met a Snake with no legs at all. He had caught his tail in his teeth and was rolling along loopity-loop, loopity-loop. The Snake said,

"Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?"

"I am going to Madrid to see the Good King," said Little Half Chick.

"May I go, too?" said the Snake.

"Yes," said Little Half Chick, "fall in behind."

So the Snake fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat. Humpity-hump, humpity-hump went the Three-legged Dog. Jumpity-jump, jumpity-jump went the One-legged Crow. Loopity-loop, loopity-loop went the Snake with no legs at all.

Soon they came to Madrid and saw the Good King. With the King was his little daughter Margaret. They both laughed as all these funny animals came up. The King said to Little Margaret:

"Do you want to see us all go out to the Animal Farm?"

"Yes," said Little Margaret, "I will lead the way."

So she led the way along the street to the Animal Farm. Behind Margaret came the One-legged King. Next came the Little Half Chick, next the Two-legged Cat, next the Three-legged Dog, next the One-legged Crow, and last of all the Snake with no legs at all. So they all went out to the Animal Farm. And there they lived happily ever after.

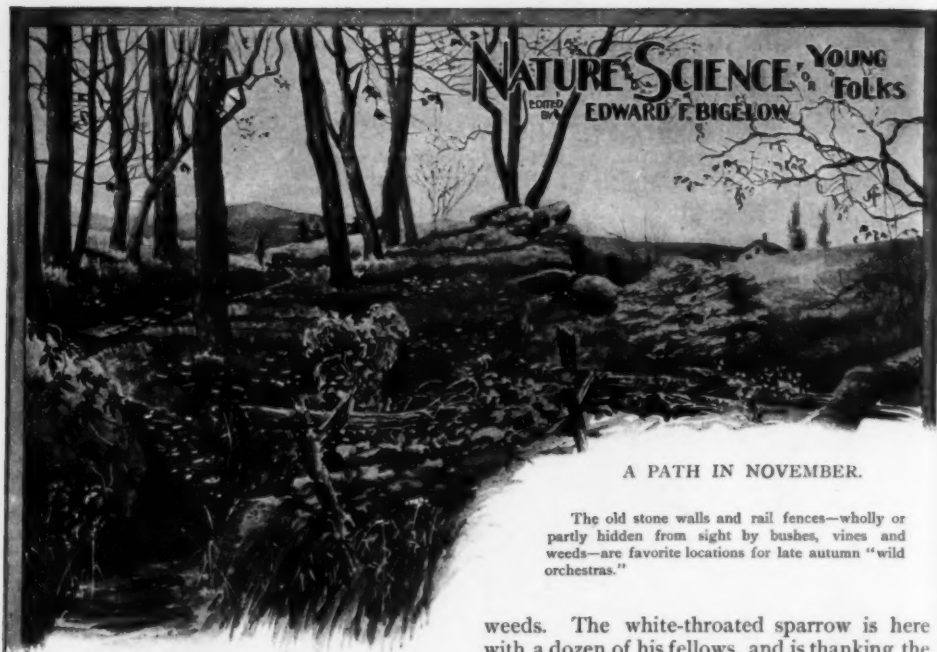


EARLY AND LATE.

BY W. S. REED.

Go to bed early — wake up with joy;	Go to bed early — no pains or ills;
Go to bed late — cross girl or boy.	Go to bed late — doctors and pills.

Go to bed early — ready for play;	Go to bed early — grow very tall;
Go to bed late — moping all day.	Go to bed late — stay very small.



A PATH IN NOVEMBER.

The old stone walls and rail fences—wholly or partly hidden from sight by bushes, vines and weeds—are favorite locations for late autumn "wild orchestras."

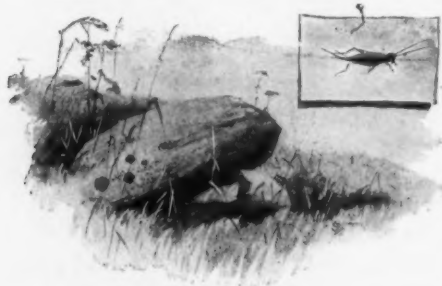
NOVEMBER CHEERINESS.

THERE are easier paths than the one we shall take; but we soon choose between the smooth country road and the rough field route. No wagon road allures us with its twists and turns, for it often wanders to avoid wild Nature; we shall ramble to find her where she has decked the walls and hung her rich festoons, or where she smiles through the vistas of the woods.

Here is a dear old stone wall half hidden among wild plum shoots, bushes and tall

weeds. The white-throated sparrow is here with a dozen of his fellows, and is thanking the sun for shining so warm into their cozy nook. Oh, what a sight! Or should we not rather say "What Music"? It is a kind of music for the eye as well as the ear, for on a close approach we find the brambly growth teeming with white-throats, song sparrows and myrtle warblers, that flit about or rustle merrily among the dry leaves. Here a white-throat mounts a thorny plum-branch and calls cheerily to his comrades; another suns himself near by, and then we surprise a song sparrow at his bath in a spring twinkling among the tall grass. Here are juncos, too,—a happy bevy of them about the briars and black haw bushes.

Some would say, "Here is a bare pasture to be crossed now," but rather let us respond to the crickets who are chirping, and explore it. A flicker has come before us: there he is, hopping in his awkward fashion and hunting ants. Even the late and pretty burr thistle is not "wasting its sweetness on the desert air," for see the bumble-bee—still busy of course. And now we have our crickets, under this flat stone. They are by no means so spry as they were a month or two ago when we tried, and found it hard work, to catch some of them for fish bait; they are so numb with cold, and still they chirp! Goldfinch has been at work



THE CALL OF CRICKETS FROM COZY PLACES UNDER STONES SEEMS AS CHEERY AS DO ANY OF THE SOUNDS OF SPRING.

on the thistles, for here is a stalk with ragged and well-plucked burrs and a black and white



THE HYLEA'S CHEERY PIPING IS SO MUSICAL
THAT WE OFTEN SUPPOSE IT TO BE THAT
OF A BIRD. LISTEN FOR IT IN THE
LATE AUTUMN WOODS.

tail feather in a spider's web. The goldfinch has on his brown suit now and is off to the birch trees with his most happy family.

We have followed a cow path out of the pasture into an alder swamp; and here is the merriest bird group we have heard yet. We might have expected these tree sparrows, for this is their time and place exactly. They are not a bit afraid, except of being stepped on, and do not leave us out of sight, but only fly on a little ahead, as we go, till we are out of the thicket.

Golden-rods and a buttercup! And there is a wall covered with clematis, and a picturesque old apple tree overhung with a bitter-sweet vine, and a rock decorated with the Virginia creeper turned to all shades of red and purple. See how fondly that wild grape vine has embraced the old stump, till it is nearly

hidden. And see the beech trees nearly covered with yellow leaves.

That musical piping we hear is not a bird's voice, though as sweet as one and coming from the birds' airy haunts. Pickering's hyla grew silent in the pond; but now from some tree he looks abroad on the landscape and finds an impulse to sing again. The "peeping" is springlike, but sleepy and still welcome.

Why, we are scarcely out of the wood, and here is a pretty little field mouse, but he vanishes in the tall grass in a moment. It is quiet in these fields again; but I think Nature has fulfilled her promise. Don't you? How happy those bluebirds are even as they fly away southward! They like spring and "purer" skies best. "*Pure-er, pure-er!*" Hear them! They have gone now, over the harvest field, toward the purple hills. But don't you

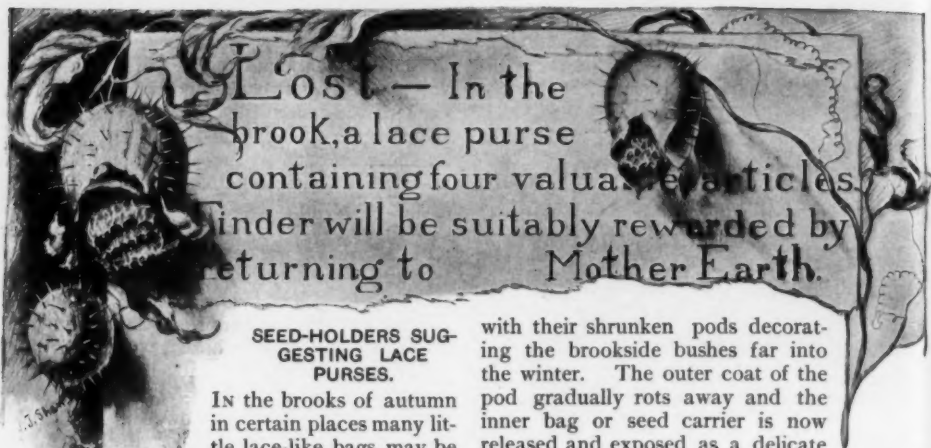


ALL SPECIES OF WOOD MICE ARE NEVER MORE
CHEERY THAN IN LATE AUTUMN. THEY
REVEL IN SEEDS, GRAIN AND NUTS.

think Nature has heard their call, and will give us the fair skies when the bluebird comes back again?
EDMUND J. SAWYER.

THERE IS A CRISP CHEERINESS
EVEN IN A CORNFIELD.





Lost — In the
brook, a lace purse
containing four valuable articles.
Finder will be suitably rewarded by
returning to Mother Earth.

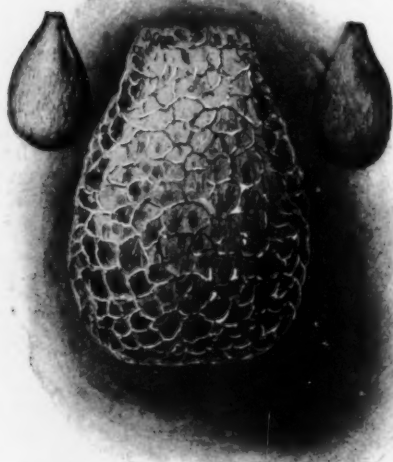
SEED-HOLDERS SUG- GESTING LACE PURSES.

IN the brooks of autumn in certain places many little lace-like bags may be seen drifting along with the current, or stranded by the shore. They are the inner coats or bodies of the wild balsam apples (*Echinocystis lobata*) which have dropped from the vines overhanging the stream and now float lightly away with their large seeds.

The green prickly bag of the balsam apple itself began to form in late summer and by

with their shrunken pods decorating the brookside bushes far into the winter. The outer coat of the pod gradually rots away and the inner bag or seed carrier is now released and exposed as a delicate webby network of tough fibers. A thin skin or membrane fills up the space between these meshes but that also falls away through the action of water and the winter storms, until only the ball-like tissue of the "purse" is left. These little purses, being extremely light and buoyant, float far and wide over the submerged swamplands in late autumn carrying the seeds with them, and so planting the vine in new situations. If, however, we take these seeds home with us and plant them there, Mother Earth will suitably reward us in the following year with vines of our own; they will spring up and spread rapidly until all the stone walls and garden fences are decorated with the tracery of their stems and star-shaped leaves.

HOWARD J. SHANNON.



THE PURSE-LIKE SEED-CARRIER OF THE WILD
BALSAM APPLE.

Only two of the four seeds are pictured.

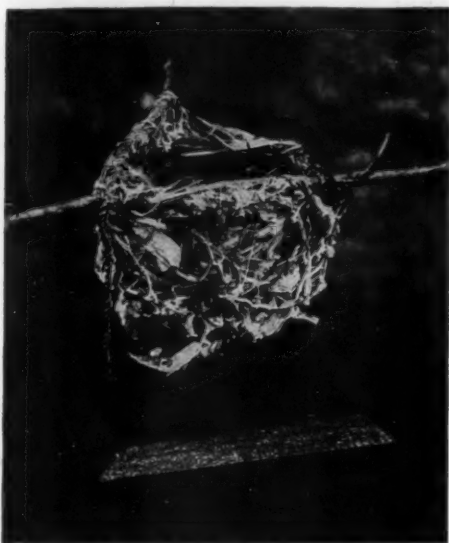
autumn it has withered and faded to a pale straw color. We may see the trailing vines

MOUNTING BIRDS' NESTS.

OF all the treasures of wood and field none are more interesting and beautiful than the nests of many of our native birds. I have often secured fine specimens but dust and frequent handling soon impaired their perfection, and it was only recently that an enthusiastic bird-student showed me a satisfactory and practical way of mounting and preserving the trophies.

Here is a photograph which shows a mounted nest, and the method of procedure is as follows: First, saw out the standard from a board about half an inch thick. Plane neatly and bevel the edges. The size should be in proportion to the nest for which it is intended. The one in the picture is four inches square. Give it a coat of shellac or stain and allow it to dry. Remove the leaves and trim the twigs upon which the

nest is built. Now, take a piece of stout wire, loop the middle twice securely around the



A SIMPLE YET EFFICIENT METHOD OF MOUNTING BIRDS' NESTS.

Late autumn is the best time to search for birds' nests. They can readily be found when the leaves are gone, and they are still uninjured by the winter storms.

branch and then twist the ends together, making a firm support a little longer than the nest is deep. Bore a tiny hole in one side of the standard, insert the wire and your mount is complete. If the nest is so built that the branch should be held perpendicular instead of horizontal, the wire may be dispensed with and the bough itself fastened into the base. A nest built on the ground may be wired or glued securely to the wooden standard. Fifty or more beautiful examples of the skill of our native birds suitably arranged in a cabinet such as any handy boy can make for himself will form a worthy ornament for the "den" of a nature student.

ROSE GOODALE DAYTON.

STUDYING THE MEADOWS IN NOVEMBER.

DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT more than most other naturalists praises November. He seems especially to delight in the month—"and what perfect days do we often have, even so late as in the last week of November!" His favorite study this month is the meadows. This is an excellent suggestion and I invite our young folks to write letters regarding "November Meadows."

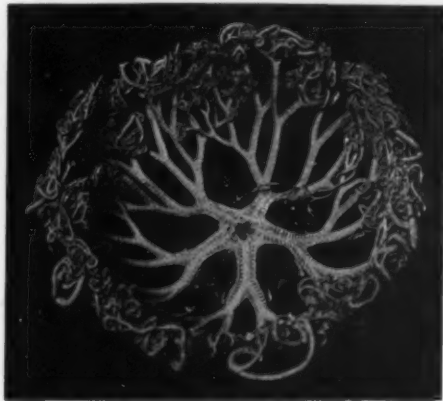
BASKET FISH.

AT its marine residence, away down in deep water, the name on the door plate would be *Astrophyton* and it belongs to a species called Ophiurans. It has a well-marked central disk, not unlike a clam, but has no shell. From this central body radiate arms, five in number, like those of the familiar starfish, and these arms are divided into minute branches like the twigs on a tree, until they number in some cases a thousand separately defined hair-like tendrils. While the body is not large, the branches, when extended, measure about eighteen inches in diameter. The creature has the power of incurling these branches until it closely resembles a shallow dish. This it does when caught and about to die, remaining in that shape when dried.

It has been given the name of basket fish; it frequently (when caught by a dredge—for that is the only way it can be taken—) throws off these arms or parts of them, so that a perfect specimen is hard to be procured in its natural condition.

These arms and their subdivisions are almost white when dried, and closely resemble plaster of Paris. They are very brittle, easily broken, and cannot be repaired. The fish live among the roots of sea weeds and are supposed to feed upon these, moving about by wriggling and clambering with these arms, or fastening upon the roots and pulling themselves along.

Most of the knowledge regarding their habits is conjecture for none have been taken alive and kept for sufficient time to give them



A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE BASKET FISH.

proper examination and study. The picture here given shows as perfect a specimen as can probably be found anywhere. W. J. HANDY.

FEATHERED HIGHWAYMEN.

It is a common practice, throughout the feathered race, for one bird to snatch a coveted morsel from another. This is inter-



PARASITIC JAEGER AND GULLS.

estingly and readily noticeable among little chickens. But only in a few species has the offense become a habit.

Thus it is that in certain groups, there are species that rely on the efforts of others to procure them an easy living. Perhaps the best examples of these depraved birds are the skuas and jaegers or hunting gulls. These, while belonging to the same family as the



BALD EAGLE AND OSPREY.

gulls and terns, are of a more hawk-like build, and this resemblance serves them in good

stead, as a means of procuring their prey. With the general make-up of a sea-gull their wings are longer, the point of the bill well hooked, and, in most cases, a decidedly hawk-like coloration.

At the breeding places of sea fowl in the far North, both skuas and jaegers, when opportunity offers, destroy the eggs and young of any species of bird smaller or weaker than themselves; but it is not until later in the season that their peculiar habits are in evidence.

There is only one species of skua found in America, a rare visitor to the Atlantic coast. In the Old World it is of more frequent occurrence, breeding from the Orkney Islands, northward. It is of the size of a large gull, of a uniform brown color and very strongly built. In the Orkney Islands it is known as the "Bonxie" and in its defense of its eggs or young is the most courageous of any bird nesting there.

The skua will attack the largest gulls and make them disgorge their prey. Closely allied to the skua are the jaegers, of which there are three species, the parasitic, long-tailed and Pomarine jaeger. All three breed on the "tundras" of the Arctic regions, and migrate southward in August and September.

The parasitic jaeger is the commonest species, and his mission in life is to constantly harass and worry the pretty little Bonaparte's gulls. A flock of these charming little gulls will be busy with a school of small fish, darting down and seizing their prey while hardly seeming to touch the water. Suddenly, from nowhere, appears a long-winged, swift flying apparition, terrifying in his likeness to their worst enemy, the Peregrine falcon; hither and thither dart the screaming gulls while the jaeger, singling out his victim, pursues it through its most intricate twistings and turnings. Higher and higher mounts the gull, but the pursuer with hardly a movement of his wings is always close behind, until at last the gull, in an agony of fear, ejects from its mouth the fish it has lately captured. In an instant the jaeger wheels and drops gracefully downward catching the fish in mid-air before it has reached the water. Over and over again this robbery is effected, each time with a new victim, until at last the jaeger, satiated, wings his way out seaward, and alights, light as a thistle-down, on the water to digest his meal.

The adult parasitic jaeger is a very handsome bird, brown above, with a black cap,

delicate yellow tinged neck, and white breast; the two central tail feathers elongated far beyond the rest. The size is about that of a



LONG-TAILED JAEGER, ADULT AND YOUNG.

ring-billed gull. The young bird in the first plumage has the central tail feathers only slightly lengthened beyond the others, and in color is dark brown all over, handsomely marked with light rufous. A long-tailed jaeger is very similar, the young bird lighter and grayer, and the adult with still longer central tail feathers. The Pomarine jaeger, the third species, is larger and of rather clumsier build, with duller coloration. All three have the same hawk-like aspect especially in flight.

Once while I was watching a large flock of Bonaparte's gulls, which were feeding on the wing, like swallows, on a swarm of flying ants,

was a Peregrine falcon, or "Duck Hawk." Shortly afterwards I avenged the gulls by shooting, not only the falcon, but the two jaegers as well.

Another highwayman is the bald eagle, who, though capable of catching fish for himself, prefers to let the more active osprey, or fish hawk, secure him a meal. This habit is so well known, and has been written of by so many authors, that it is needless to enlarge on it here. Suffice it to say that the osprey is never hurt in any way, but is simply "bluffed" out of his hard earned meal by his larger relative. This practice is common to several species of sea eagles of the Old World. Many species of ducks are persistent thieves, but in their case the likeness is more to a pick-pocket than a bolder robber.

The widgeon, or baldpate, is one of the worst offenders. Unable to dive in deep water for food itself, it filches scraps of weed from the bills of deep-diving ducks as they come to the surface. This habit is especially noticeable in winter when the shallower waters are frozen. The redhead is the principal victim though canvasbacks and scaups also suffer. A bunch of widgeons on settling among a large flock of feeding redheads, instantly scatter, each widgeon patrolling a different portion of the flock. No sooner



WIDGEON ROBBING RED HEADS.

a couple of jaegers came along, completely puzzled at the changed habits of their former fishermen. Presently what I took for a third jaeger shot into the maze of circling gulls, and for an instant I was astounded, for as he came in contact with a gull there was a slight click, and the gull whirled, stone dead, to the beach below. Only then did I realize that the supposed jaeger

does a redhead come to the surface with his mouth full of weed than a widgeon is at hand to deftly snatch a piece and make off. Active and graceful they can easily elude the more clumsy redhead, if the latter attempts to retaliate.

Widgeon also keep a close attendance on swans, whose long necks can reach from the bottom many succulent roots and grasses otherwise unobtainable. ALLAN BROOKS.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

A CURIOUSLY TWISTED PINE TREE.

DUDLEY, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a picture of a very curious tree. I thought that you could give a reason for its having such a queer twist in it.

The tree was pine, about fifteen feet high. I do not think it probable that it was trained that way for we found it growing in the wild woods. It was transplanted to a place near our log cabin because it was so curious. It is now dead probably on account of transplanting.

Yours truly,
SYLVIA F. CONANT.

If it was not purposely trained to grow that way, it seems probable that the curious form is the result of an accident when the tree was very small. Perhaps it was crushed and twisted by the wheel of a farmer's cart, or was twisted by some person in an attempt to break it off, and the slender stem held long enough in its curled position until it had got a permanent "set."



THE TWISTED PINE TREE.

WHITE SPOTS ON LILAC LEAVES.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am now sending lilac leaves that have tiny white specks. I think more than



WHITE SPOTS ON LILAC LEAVES.

one bush has the disease. Please tell me what is the trouble with the leaves.

Yours very truly,
DOROTHY LYDECKER.

This is the common lilac mildew (tiny plants—*Microsphaera alni*). A little later the winter form that is the fruit will appear as small black specks. It seldom causes much damage. A microscope is necessary in order to examine the very pretty and interesting fruits.

JOHN L. SHELDON.

WHAT CAUSES THE TIDES.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what makes the tide high and low? We are here at Atlantic City and have been watching the ocean and we, my brother and I, cannot understand it.

Your interested reader,
WYBURN L. N. LEE.

The action of the moon on the earth is the principal cause of the tides. The moon pulls the part of the earth nearest it more strongly than the great body of the earth, and also pulls the earth away from the part of the earth's surface farthest from the moon. This pull of the moon starts a great wave in the Pacific Ocean, which follows after the moon, so that

high water comes for any given place at nearly the same interval of time after the moon has crossed the meridian of the place.—

MALCOLM MCNEILL, *Professor of Astronomy.*

CAN FISH SEE OUR "AERIAL OCEAN"?

CASANOVA, VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you tell me whether fish see our Aerial Ocean? Also please tell me if fishes see the water in which they live? Please do me the favor of publishing the answer in *Nature and Science*.

Your devoted reader,
CHARLOTTE ST. GEORGE NOURSE.

While they cannot see the air, it is certain that at least some can see objects in the air. The shooting-fish of Java shoots drops of water from its long snout, so as to bring down insects flying above the stream, or resting on leaves of plants on the banks. This is done with surprising accuracy of aim.

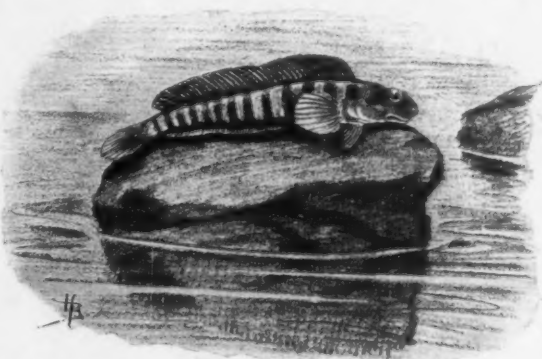
Do you see the air in which you live? Would you suppose that fish can see the water in which they live? I am sure that they cannot.

I submitted this answer to Dr. H. M. Smith. He says it is correct and adds:



THE SHOOTING-FISH OF JAVA.

"The shooting-fish (or archer-fish) of Java does its shooting with head and eyes out of



A GOBY ON THE ROCK OUT OF WATER.

water. Certain gobies (*Periophthalmus*, etc.) pass much of their life out of the water, and have very acute vision, being exceedingly difficult to catch."

YOUNG MICE IN A BIRD'S NEST.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I took a long walk along a country road. I came upon a row of thorny bushes and saw what I supposed to be a number of last year's birds' nests at different heights from the ground. They were queer looking things, about six inches in diameter and dome-shaped, made of dry grass. Thinking they would be good for my collection I chose one within my reach and pulled it down. To my surprise the top came off as the cover of a box would and revealed to me a feather-lined nest with five little objects huddled together. They looked like mice and were evidently only a few days old as their eyes were unopened and they had no hair. The parents of the youngsters were nowhere to be seen. I replaced the top of the nest and as carefully as I could, put nest and all back where I had found it. Although I was curious as to whether the other nests contained the same thing as this one I let them alone not wishing to disturb any more nests. After I had passed that clump of bushes I saw no more of the queer nests.

Could you tell me what kind of animals live in such nests as I saw? If they were field mice, do they generally make their nests in bushes in the early spring?

Yours truly,

MARGARET E. NASH (age 13).

It is extremely probable that the species involved was the white-footed mouse (*Peromyscus*)—of which there are an appalling number of sub-species. All are good climbers.

W. T. H.

Nature's exchanges of labor are interesting. White-footed mice often occupy birds' nests, and some nests of ground mice are occupied by bumble bees!



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER."

BY DUDLEY T. FISHER, JR., AGE 16.
(CASH PRIZE.)

THE LADY OF THE ORCHARD.

BY ELIZABETH BARNES (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

I WANDERED in an orchard at the dawning of the day,
The air was filled with fragrance from the blossoms of the May,
The new-born sun was rising in a pure, unclouded sky,
And, like a dying nun, the moon lay cold and pale on high.

Amid the blooming trees I saw a vision of delight,

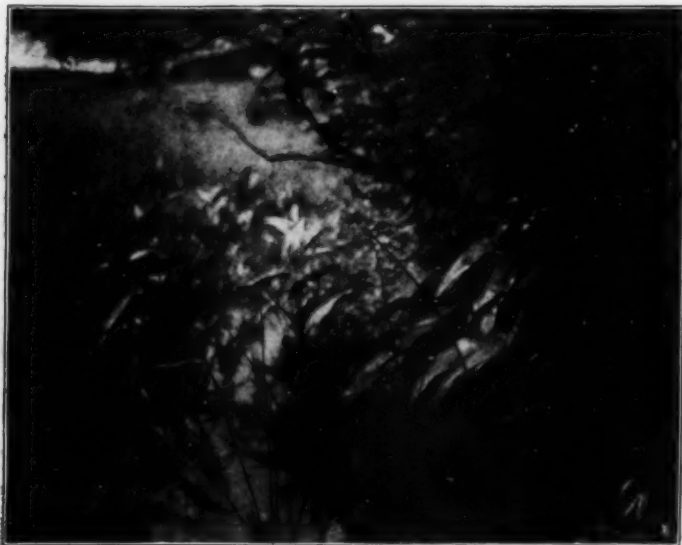
A Blossom-Lady, tall and slim, in robes
of snowy white;
Her shining hair, like golden sheaves of newly-ripened wheat,
As fine and soft as milk-weed down, fell to her tiny feet.

Upon her perfect cheek there was a tinge of apple bloom,
And from her elfin form there flowed a flood of faint perfume.
She smiled at me in lovely-wise, she spoke with flow'ry words,

Her voice was sweeter than
the songs of Oriental birds.

The lady told me of her life and of her mystic birth,
Ah! she was not like other maids who tread this mortal earth,
For she, like Ulad's dainty wife, was born of fragrant flow'rs,
And nourished by the tender love of sun and dew and show'rs.

And, ere a little time had passed, she smiled—a wondrous light
Shone all around—and then, alas! she faded from my sight.
I left the haunted orchard on that ne'er-forgotten day,
But in my soul were blooming still the blossoms of the May.



"THE BROOK." BY LEWIS P. CRAIG, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

Now this is the month when the first announcement was made of the formation of the ST. NICHOLAS League. That was seven years ago—a long time in young lives. Our most youthful members then are almost young men and women now, and our older members have passed with their aspirations and their hopes and their honors beyond the gate which at the eighteenth mile stone stands always ajar for the outward going but has no inward swing. Many, oh very many, have passed through that gate in seven years,

League who have become contributors in the great world of publishing (and there are many such) are glad to-day of the years they spent in League Land, even though the "sad little gate" shut behind them just when it was all beginning to be worth while.

PRIZE WINNERS, JULY COMPETITION.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Elizabeth Barnes** (age 17), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y., and **Annie Louise Hillyer** (age 14), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Lillie G. Menary** (age 11), Altnamackin, Castleblayney, County Monaghan, Ireland, and **Doris F. Halman** (age 10), 5 Mountfort St., Boston, Mass.

Prose. Gold badges, **Dora J. Winn** (age 14), care of Mrs. M. M. Tompkins, San Anselmo, Calif., and **Grace Morrison Boynton** (age 15), 346 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Mary Villeponteaux Lee** (age 14), Box 145, Summerville, S. C., **Nancy Payson** (age 9), Box 4, Falmouth Foreside, Portland, Maine, and **Lael Maera Carlock**, (age 11), Mechanicsburg, Ill.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Dudley T. Fisher** (age 16), 363 W. 7th Ave., Columbus, O. Gold badge, **Rosalind E. Weissbein** (age 13), 2105 Vallejo St., San Francisco, Calif.

Silver badges, **Muriel Halstead** (age 12), Zeiger Hotel, El Paso, Tex., and **Max Rolnik** (age 16), 225 Clinton St., N. Y. City.

Photography. Cash prize, **Lewis P. Craig** (age



"THE BROOK." BY JOHN E. BURKE, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

and when we have read the letters of some of those who said good-bye it seemed a sad little gate that closed on a pleasant land just when they were beginning to find it worth while. And we are not sorry that it is a sad little gate that swings between the League and the world outside, for it shows that whatever the effort and struggles and disappointments have been, the result has not been wholly without happiness and some measure of gain. The gain lies chiefly in the persevering effort which has been made by those determined to succeed in the end. The winning of a prize is an encouragement, but it is not the end. The prize-winner who is satisfied with his achievement is in danger of falling behind in the race, while the persistent endeavor of the slower-footed will not rest short of the farther goal. No boy or girl with any love for art or literature ever made a determined effort in the League without winning more than the effort cost, even if the effort brought no tangible reward. Some day our young friends will realize this more fully. To those who intend to continue their League Labors in the world's wider fields the benefit has been very practical. Besides what has been gained in artistic knowledge, they have learned to prepare their work properly, they have learned to expect disappointment (a priceless lesson) and they have now and again tasted something of the feeling which comes with seeing one's effort set forth on a carefully printed page. This is all valuable knowledge to the young author and artist, and most of it is not to be gained in the ordinary way. We feel certain that those of the



"THE BROOK." BY EUNICE L. HOWE, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

16), Shelbyville, Ill. Gold badge, **Eunice L. Howe** (age 14), Bisby Lake, via McKeever, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Robert W. Hobart** (age 9), Price Hill, Cincinnati, O.; **Katharine Steele** (age 15), Box F,



"THE BROOK." BY FLOYD CLARKSON, AGE 12. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Kenilworth, Ill., and John E. Burke (age 12), 210 Brady St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Wild-creature Photography. First Prize, "Young Purple Finches" by Carleton B. Swift (age 15), 40 Cypress St., Newton Centre, Mass. Second prize, "Wild Turkey" by Donald C. Armour (age 13), 1608 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill. Third prize, "Wild Geese" by Arthur S. Fairbanks (age 13), 62 Circuit Rd., Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Puzzle Making. Gold badges, Ernst Ruebel (age 14), 4649 Cottage Ave., St. Louis, Mo., and Prue K. Jamieson (age 11), Lawrenceville, N. J.

Silver badges, Esther B. Schmitt (age 15), 158 South Cliff St., Ansonia, Conn., and Minabelle Summy (age 14), 1831 North 4th St., Columbus, Ohio.

Puzzle Answers. Gold badges, William W. Bloss, Jr. (age 16), 855 East 69th St., Chicago, Ill., and Robert Sewall DuBois (age 14), 232 N. Emporia Ave., Wichita, Kansas.

Silver badges, Alice Patterson (age 14), Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.; Jessie Metcalf (age 13), 1929 N. Penn St., Indianapolis, Ind., and Frances Bosanquet (age 13), Fruitland Park, Fla.

AN ORCHARD TEA PARTY.

BY ANNIE LAURIE HILLVER,
(AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

OH, they're going to give a party
In the orchard wide to-day—
Where the seckle pears are
swinging,
Where the joyous birds all
play.

Now the pears are small and golden,
And the leaves are emerald green;
All the ruby apples twinkle
With a wondrous fairy sheen!

"And our tea will be informal,"
So the invitations read,
"Fancy dress is not required;
Wear your 'pinafores,'" they said.

Oh, that most successful party,
All the birds supplied the song—
And the hostess' heart was happy;
Not a single thing went wrong!

Oh, that hos-pit-a-ble party,—
No stiff manners made to freeze.
And the many, gay refreshments
Were—the apples on the trees!

DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

BY GRACE MORRISON BOYNTON (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

THE sunset had been gorgeous, and the west was still aglow with a blinding expanse of dazzling yellow, contrasted with the burning purple of a July sun-down. The brilliance of the coloring softened into deeper tones and shaded into the most exquisite tints of rose and violet, which colored the clouds floating upon the edge of that sea of light, like ripples breaking on the shadowy shore of the blue evening sky.

As the light faded in the west, a line of strange color appeared above the hill-tops in the east. The glory in the west dimmed and grew fainter, but that ugly stretch of crimson burned stronger, until every dark pine standing on the hill-tops seemed outlined in fire. Slowly, relentlessly, that line broadened, that sinister color deepened, and then, as twilight came on, a tongue of flame shot up, mirrored in the Chiquagua river, which flowed at the base of the burning hills. The great pines blazed like beacon lights, and then fell into the consuming heat, while the flames reached higher and higher, scorching the very sky, so that it glowed a hideous copper-color. The river, too, seemed molten copper as it moved under the glare of the flames, and the surrounding country was hidden under the clouds of smoke that rolled upward from the fire.

The sight was awesome. The flames reached out, licking up every growing thing and flaring brighter after each conquest. The blasting heat swept over the hill sides, insatiably hungry, implacably angry, covering them over with fields of flame.

Dusk passed. The wind arose and turned the smoke toward the sea, and the flames



"THE BROOK." BY KATHARINE STEELE,
AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

followed the smoke as an army its flag. On they trooped, breathing destruction, but the wind was leading them to their own. On the shores of the ocean they burned themselves out, leaving behind them a blackened, smoking tract of land, where the green growth of the next spring hid their ravages, and where we children went, speaking in low voices of the great forest fire.

IN AN ORCHARD.

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

BENEATH the shady orchard trees,
While fruit falls down on us;
We sit upon the grass to eat,
And read St. NICHOLAS.

The boys climb up and shake the fruit,
Down on the grass below;
And then they scramble down again,
We laugh to see them go.

We play we are some shipwrecked folk,
In a secluded land;
The boys then come and bring us fruit,
A friendly native band.

And, oh! the picnics that we have,
In bright autumnal days;
With apples, pears, St.
NICHOLAS,
And many merry plays.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT SAN FRAN- CISCO FIRE.

BY DORA J. WINN (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

THE most horrible sight I have ever seen was the sweeping of those awful flames in the city of San Francisco, after the earthquake on the eighteenth of April. Rising in the commercial district, they crept up, nothing stopping them. Men rushed around helplessly, some panic-stricken, a few attempting to save something in a building about to disappear. Women and children, their homes already burnt, carried their only worldly possessions on their backs.

Uptown, various reports were spread. Some said that the whole city was doomed, on account of the lack of water, as the pipes were stopped by the earthquake; others, that the fire, now that the soldiers were in charge of everything, was under control. But we continued to hear of new buildings falling.

Before now, another fire had sprung up in the south, which



"THE BROOK." BY DOROTHY DOYLE, AGE 15.

threatened to come up our way, but a sudden change of wind turned the danger in another direction.

From our house, as we looked east, we could not see the actual buildings burning, but the dull red glow covered the whole sky. It was certainly a fearful sight! All day long there were constant explosions of houses being dynamited, but still the fire drew closer.

The next day people left the homes in our neighborhood, and we went too. My father, an army officer, took us to the Headquarters in Fort Mason, where we were safe. From there we could see the flames clearly, and we watched houses catch the blaze, slowly, at first, and then suddenly becoming illuminated; we could see through them, and in another minute the walls would cave in.

Of course, men were laboring all the time to free the pipes, so that they could have water, but they could not succeed.

For three days the fire raged, but at the end of that time it was stopped. Our own house was the last burnt at the western end.

It was many days, however, before the last sparks and burning embers were extinguished, and piles of ashes smoldered for weeks.

THE ORCHARD'S BLOOM.

BY LILLIE G. MENARY (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

I've watched the orchard trees
all glow
With blossoms, oh! so sweet,
I've watched those lovely
flowers die,
And fall down at my feet.

How sad and weary then I felt,
When I saw the bloom all
dead;

But, oh! with joy I now behold
Fruit growing in its stead.



"THE BROOK." BY ROBERT W. HOBART, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

A DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

BY NANCY PAYSON (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

WE were just sitting down to supper when the fire bells began to ring. "Let 's see, if we can see it," cried one of the boys, so we all ran to the windows; we could not see the flames, only the smoke, but it looked so near that papa thought we could just go and see where it was, so off we went.

We walked and walked but still no fire. "It must be very big to have the smoke come over so far," said papa. Suddenly we noticed a big crowd in front of us.

We all climbed up on a fence that was near us. There was the fire! The flames leapt high in the air with a roar, then a sizzle as the hose were put on!

Firemen were scurrying this way and that. "It 's getting quite late," I said. "Yes," said papa. So we went home, and the very last glimpse I caught of the fire over my shoulder as we went up the street was a big red and gold flame that leapt high in the air, and all around it it was misty looking from the smoke.

It is too bad that such a beautiful thing is so harmful.



"THE OLD FENCE." BY MARGARET DOBSON, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

BY LAEL MAERA CARLOCK (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

IN the month of October, 1902, a fire occurred in the city of Cebu, in the Philippine Islands (where we then lived). It was started by two Chinamen, who were having a quarrel in their little shop on that night. One of them overturned their candle, and it fell into a barrel of excelsior. You must know that the fire spread quickly, because most of the little shops are made of a kind of a grass called "nipa." The fire burned a large part of the Chinese portion of the city. A few funny incidents occurred at the time of the fire. One story is of a Chinaman who had quite a large chest in which he kept his money. It was so heavy that he could not get it into a place of safety, but still, he could not bear

the thought of parting with his money. So he just sat down on the chest and burned to death there. The Indian merchants, instead of trying to save even the most valuable of their goods, opened their stores and told the Filipinos to come in and take everything they could carry. For days afterwards it was a common sight to see some of the poorer class walking about the streets with handsome silk shawls around their shoulders and beautiful sandal-wood fans in their hands, but with no stockings nor shoes on their feet. It was often amusing to see Chinamen, whose shops had been burned, sitting on the street corners eating their rice with their chopsticks.

For days after the fire it was so hot that we could hardly drive through the burned portion.



"HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY EMILY W. BROWNE, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

JOHNNY'S ORCHARD.

BY MAGDELINE CRAFT (AGE 12).

JOHNNY made an orchard,
With his colored crayons new;
He drew some yellow apple trees,
With leaves of red and blue.
He made a brook a-twisting
In and out among the trees;
And the queerest bird in purple,
And a swarm of brownish bees.
Then he heard his mamma calling,
"Oh, do come quickly, Pet!"
He left the picture lying,
And it is n't finished yet.



"YOUNG PURPLE FINCHES." BY CARLETON B. SWIFT, AGE 15.
(FIRST PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

GRANDPA'S ORCHARD.

BY LEWIS S. COMBES (AGE 9).

(Honor Member.)

My Grandpa has an orchard,
With apples big and round,
And always in the autumn
They're scattered on the ground.

And then we take a ladder,
And take some baskets too;
He lets me drive old Major,
That's what I like to do.

And then I climb the ladder,
And go out on the limb,
And I pick off the apples,
And throw them down to him.

And then we go to market,
And sell them at the store,
And grandpa takes the money,
A dollar-bill or more.



"WILD GESE." BY ARTHUR S. FAIRBANKS, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE,
WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

And then he buys some candy,
A bag of peanuts too;
I like to help my grandpa;
I think it's fun! Don't you?

DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

BY MARY VILLEPONTEAUX LEE (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

ONE night last autumn, I was in the sitting-room reading, when suddenly I heard something pop in the hall, and just as I reached the door I saw a forked flame dart up from the hanging lamp.

"Oh, Miss Annie!" I shrieked to a friend who was staying with us, "the hall lamp has burst." As I finished speaking, my little brothers rushed past me, wild with terror, and out into the yard. As neither Father nor Mother were at home, I did not know what to do, but I saw Miss Annie trying to get a blanket over the lamp, and realized that the four chains would prevent it; all at once I remembered hearing that earth would smother a kerosene fire,

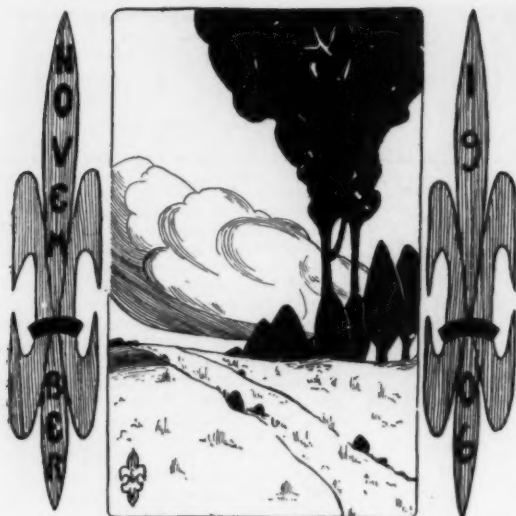


"WILD TURKEY." BY DONALD ARMOUR, AGE 13. (SECOND PRIZE, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

so I ran into the yard and got my skirt full of sand, but as I went up the steps I saw one of my brothers racing wildly up and down. "Oh, Bert," I called, "what are you doing?" "Looking for dirt," he said, despairingly, "but I can't find any." The next thing I knew Bert was at the 'phone, shouting excitedly, "Hello, Central! Our house is on fire!" But before Central had connected the lines, he dropped the receiver and dashed into the street, yelling "Fire, fire!" as he ran.

Two of our neighbors came in immediately, and one of them pulled the lamp down while the other beat out the fire.

Of course after the fire was over we thought the excitement was also; but not so! As the lamp crashed on the floor the harsh clang of the fire-bell was heard; so we swept up the glass, and sat on the steps to welcome the people, and there we stayed for a long time, holding a sort of reception. When Father came home the house was all quiet, and but for the absence of the lamp, there was nothing to



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY ROSALINDE WEISSBEIN,
AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

show that there had been a fire. How Father did laugh at us! But it had been no laughing matter the night before.

THE ORCHARD.

BY MARGUERITE COLLINS (AGE 13).

EARLY in the springtime
When the snow it melts away,
The little flowers and grasses
Through the earth will come astray;
Then the trees begin to blossom
And the leaves begin to grow,
In a sunny orchard where I lived so long ago.

Then later on in summer
I would look with child's delight,
To see the fruit turn pink
In the golden summer light;
But now those happy childhood days
Again I'll never know,
In that sunny orchard where I lived so long ago.

DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

BY GLADYS PHELAN (AGE 12).

FIFTEEN minutes after the terrible earthquake of April 18, as people were rushing around the streets, they were startled by an ominous glow in the sky toward town.

"It is a fire," said one person to another, but little did they think that that fire would destroy the entire important business—and part of the residence—portion, of their dearly beloved city.

Every moment the flames gained impetus and the burning district was, in a short time, a raging furnace. The sun rose as a glaring red ball, and the heat and smoke of the fire made the atmosphere stifling.

To see our beloved city burning was a sad and sick-

ening sight. To watch the flames dart up for a moment with an unearthly brightness and then settle back into the same awful glare as, with a crash, a block of frame houses fell; to gaze upon beautiful buildings, standing proudly 'midst the flames in one moment,—dynamited to the earth the next—made a thrill of horror go through my heart, such as I have never felt before—and hope I never shall feel again.

Night came—with no relief. People could not sleep. The fire held a kind of awful fascination as the flames leaped and danced while feeding on the houses which lay within its path.

Fighting this raging demon of smoke and flame was a terrible danger, and the brave men who did it were struggling under fearful difficulties. There was no water, the earthquake having burst the mains. There was no chief, the earthquake had killed that courageous man. There was nothing to be relied upon but dynamite.

Four days and nights the torture of the uncertainty of whether to-morrow would find us alive and with a roof over our heads, continued, and I think the most welcome words I ever heard were called by a sentinel on Sunday at midnight, "The fire's out, and all's well."

IN THE ORCHARD.

BY AILEEN HYLAND
(AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

In Spring the trees were
clothed with green,
And spiders wove a
lacy net
Of silken threads, and
webs of sheen
To catch the jewel
dewdrops wet.

The peach, the plum,
the apple sweet
Gave fragrance to the cooling breeze.

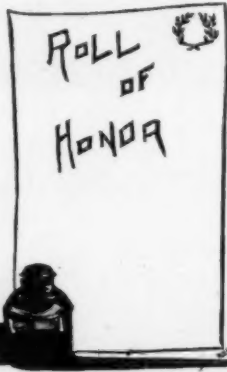


"THE BROOK." BY CHARLES MC-
PHERSON HOLT, AGE 11.

And, blooming in the
morning heat,
The blossoms decked
their parent trees.

Then, in the heat of
heaven's rays,
The hard green fruit
was changed to red
And in the last of Sum-
mer's days
The ripened fruit was
harvested.

And then, like magic,
Autumn's wand
Transformed the leaves
to red and brown.
And, with a motion of
her hand
She sent the breeze to
waft them down.



"A HEADING." BY KATHARINE
STODDARD WILLIAMS, AGE 17.

And now, in place of leaves that fell,
In robes of snow the gaunt trees stand.
For Winter laid an icy spell,
And bound it with his mighty hand.

But do not fear, oh ice-chained trees!
Nor cease to chant your endless croon,
For Spring is whisp'ring in the breeze;
"Be of good cheer, I will come soon."

A FIRE.

BY GRACE DAUBERMAN (AGE 13).

THE most notable event in Chicago's history was the great fire of 1871.

It commenced by the overturning of a lamp in a district which was built up almost exclusively of wood.

The fire commenced on Sunday evening, Oct. 8, 1871.

It continued through the night and the greater part of the next day.

It destroyed many blocks of houses.

The fire was finally checked on the south by the exploding of gunpowder, and it raged on the north, feeding upon everything that would ignite.

Many thousands of people were rendered homeless, out of which two hundred and fifty people were either caught in the flames or died because of exposure.

Many, flying before the flames, went into the lake, standing in the water for hours as the only means of preservation from the heat of the fire and the cinders.

The city fire department, though large and efficient, was almost exhausted on account of a large fire on the preceding Saturday evening and could not check the first flames.

During the fire a vast system of relief was organized and help came from all parts of the world.

Rude houses were made and about forty thousand people that were without homes were sheltered.

The work of rebuilding the city was accomplished with marvelous rapidity.

The work was commenced before the cinders got cold, and the people seemed to gain new energy and new ambition from the disaster.

The poorer class of people were made more comfortable after the fire than they were before.

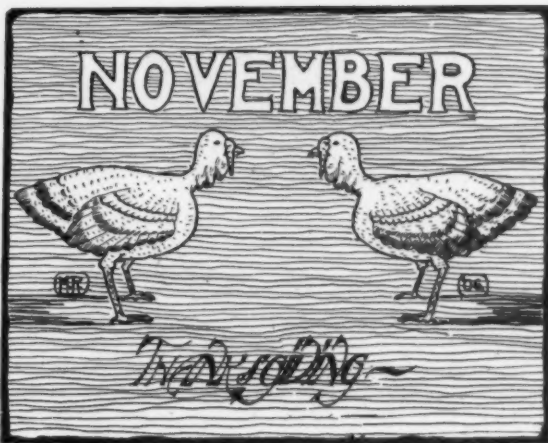
Some people stated it would take ten years to build up Chicago, but it only took about two years.

THE ORCHARD.

BY MARY YEULA WESTCOTT (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

I KNOW of an orchard where long ago
We played: my chum and I.



"HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY MAX ROLNIK, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

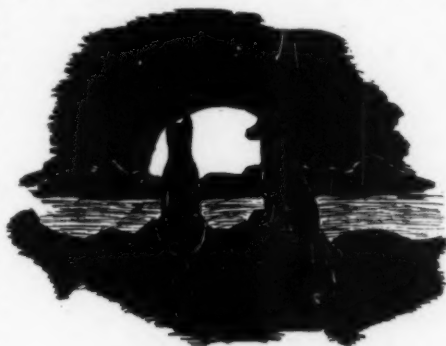
And we watched the birds fly to and fro,
And the clouds sailed on, now high, now low,
To a realm no mortal e'er should know,
To the Land of the Sunset Sky.

Those were glorious times, those days of old,
When we played: my chum and I.
And the future shone brighter than burnished gold,
And the pleasures it held could ne'er be told,
They gathered around us fold on fold,
Richer than Tyrian dye.

But the days have past and
the years have flown
Since we played: my
chum and I.
And the orchard and I are
left alone,
For my chum has gone to
the Land Unknown,
Where trouble nor sorrow
cause ne'er a moan,
To that wondrous Land
on High.

And I wish I could cross
that bridge's piers
Between us: my chum
and I.
Forgotten would be those
countless fears,
United we'd be after long,
long years,
And never to part with
farewell tears,

In the land of the Sunset Sky.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY MURIEL E. HALSTEAD, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

BY JANE NELSON MARR (AGE 14).

WHEN mother and father were in the West, they happened to go to Spokane Falls, which was then very interesting. People of many nations could be seen in the streets, among them a number of Indians.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY LUCIA E. HALSTEAD, AGE 14.

One evening they saw people pouring in one direction. The two withdrew into a doorway, and father explained to mother that it was a fire. Men in wagons and buggies were lashing their horses and trying to outstrip the others, for, as there was no regular fire company, a prize was offered to the man who would first reach the hose and hook it to his wagon. So great was the rush that he and she could get no farther than the building in which their rooms were.

Only four buildings were on fire at first, but the flames spread to others. Two new ones were among these, not quite finished. The cornices of one melted and ran into the street. The contractors for these rushed forward. "Two hundred dollars to the first man who turns a stream of water on my building!" shouted one. "Five hundred dollars to the first man who turns a stream of water on my building!" cried the second. "One thousand dollars to the first man who turns a stream of water on my building!" screamed the other.

Even at such a dreadful time there was something ridiculous to be seen. A man came to a window of one of the smaller buildings, carrying a pitcher and basin. The flames were bursting through the window next to the one at which he stood. He poured all the water out of the pitcher, and then threw both pitcher and basin to the ground. Those outside screamed to him to come down, but he would not, so finally some one put up a ladder and dragged him out.

One hotel was catching continually and being put out again. In another the windows cracked, making reports that could be heard. Mother and father stood there watching until eight o'clock, when father was obliged to leave.

In this destructive fire fourteen edifices were burned, some of them to the ground.

IN THE ORCHARD.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

THERE 's a hush upon the valley, and a light upon the hills,
And a joyous song of greeting, in the murmur of the rills.
There 's a sound of life awakened, in the budding maple-trees,

And the distant, cheerful humming
of the busy little bees,
As they sip the flowers' fragrance,
in the mellow sunlight's glow,
In the happy days of Spring-time,
when the apple-orchards blow.

Soft yet swift the leaves are falling,
one by one, in downward flight,
And a flaming banner trembles, in
the forest's ruddy light,
Where forsaken in its splendor, like a
gorgeous host it stands,
Overlooking all the richness of the
harvest-laden lands.
While above the purple hill-crest,
float the cloud-forms silent by,
In the mystery of Autumn, when the
harvest-time is nigh.

DESCRIPTION OF A FIRE.

BY PRISCILLA ORDWAY (AGE 16).

IT was one of the windy days that only Western cities know, that the large Antlers Hotel burned to the ground. All the morning the wind had roared and howled, swaying the giant cottonwood trees, that marked the straight streets of Colorado Springs.

At two o'clock great excitement was aroused by the news that the station and a few of the surrounding buildings had caught fire, owing to the explosion of a car of gunpowder. Since the Springs at that time boasted no fire engine, this meant a great deal of danger.

In an hour's time a large lumber yard was fiercely blazing, and the wind, which had lost none of its furious force, was sweeping the flames toward the Antlers Hotel. Already, streams of people were leaving this building, each with a sheet, blanket or pillow-case, filled with their most valuable property.

The hotel where I was staying was about two blocks from the station, and a block and a half from the Antlers, and even at our hotel, people were preparing to leave.

It was now seen that the whole town was in danger. They had sent to Denver, ninety miles away, for an engine. This, with another from Pueblo, arrived late in the afternoon.

Finally the Antlers caught fire, and fast became enveloped in a great pyramid of flames.

I went with my mother up to the top story of our hotel and from there looked over at the slowly disappearing building. I still vividly remember seeing the flames leap up a hundred feet into the air, as fanned by the mighty wind, they hungrily devoured the turrets of the fated building. I have never seen anything so beautiful, and yet so terrible, as those flames, as they towered upward, while men stood powerless, gazing at them from below. We saw the crumbling walls fall in, till but one remained standing. If this should fall outward, it would mean the probable destruction of many blocks. We had not long to wait before this last wall fell—inward!

At last the danger was over, but the beautiful Antlers lay a heap of ruins.

That night, when we saw from one window the glowing heap of embers in place of the stately hotel, and from another, the distant gleam of forest fires, raging on Pike's Peak, we thanked God for our deliverance.

THE ORCHARD.

BY CLARA BUCHER SHANAFELT (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

LIFE led me through the crowded city street,
Love passed me by;
She might not stop to give her roses sweet
To such as I.

But came a fragrance from her perfumed feet
Like honeyed clover or the golden rye.

The charmed orchard stands upon a hill,
And through the branches of the apple trees
Clear sunshine trickles down to feed the rill
That is the joy of flow'rs and birds and bees.
The long sweet grass is fragrant in the sun,
Bright flowers bloom along the old stone wall,
And happy children play about, and run
To catch the ruddy apples as they fall.

But now the dream is gone, the vision spent,
It might not stay.
I know not whence it came nor where it went
So soon away.
But with its memory I am content
To work and weep through many a weary
day.

THE BALTIMORE FIRE.

BY ALICE E. CARPENTER (AGE 15).

ON February 7, 1904, Baltimore was visited by a great conflagration which continued for three days. Engines from New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Wilmington, and from other cities, were sent to aid our helpless firemen, who had given up all idea of ever getting it under control. Nearly two thousand buildings were crushed to ashes.

The reflection and heat from this fire were seen and felt for many miles away from the city. In the central part of the city, where the fire raged, the wind blew the sparks around in the air, so that they fell in showers which closely resembled a snowstorm. Persons walking along the streets kept their collars turned up, for fear of the sparks going down their coats; and some of the people even held umbrellas over them, to ward off the dangerous embers that were falling; and many an umbrella was lost by burning.

The fire spread so rapidly that you could stand off at a distance and watch building after building catch on fire, and finally collapse. Everywhere could be seen patrols, ambulances, or any other kind of conveyance that could be procured, taking injured firemen to the hospitals. Fortunately no one was killed in that terrible fire, which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

IN THE ORCHARD.

BY LUCILE DELIGHT WOODLING (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

FAIR orchard, when your snowy blooms were drifting,
A little lad from yon white farmhouse came,
Within his hands he held a wondrous story,
VOL. XXXIV.—12.

From out his eyes there flashed a secret glory,
Within his heart there lay a dream of fame.

He lay and dreamed beneath your clouds of fragrance,
You dropped the dainty blossoms on his head;
What was their message? Were they showers of
blessing,
Or did they say that fame might grow depressing?
I do not think he noticed what they said.

Wide orchard, when your summer leaves were sport-
ing,

A man weary came, and laid his head;
Slowly he murmured, "Failure, gloom, and sorrow,
Black the to-day, and blacker the to-morrow";
And then,—what was it that you softly said?

Who knows that message? He at least has heard it;
Beneath your harvest boughs I hear him say,
" 'T is late—my name is not on oft-read pages,
My deeds will not go down th' increasing ages,
But I have learned to live for every day."



JOHN BUTLER

"THE OLD FENCE"

"THE OLD FENCE." BY JOHN BUTLER, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

NOTICE.—The ST. NICHOLAS League always welcomes
suggestions concerning subjects and competitions.
Address, THE EDITOR.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY EDGAR BERRY.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Primrose Lawrence
Carl T. Propson
Eleanor Moody
Miriam Allen DeFord
Martha G. Schreyer
Ella Elizabeth Preston
Florence Short
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Louisa F. Spear
Frederick D. Seward
Catharine W. Babcock
Gertrude T. Cuser
Twila Agnes McDowell
M. W. Swenson
Gladys Nelson
Mildred Seitz
Nannie Clark Barr
Katharine G. Thomas
Grace E. Haas
Margaret Crawford
Irene G. Graham
Isabel S. Clopton
Isabel D. Weaver
Dorothea S. Dandridge
Freda M. Harrison

VERSE 2.

Mary Spahr
Joseph P. D. Hull
Louis Durant Edwards
Helen Marie Mooney
Conrad E. Snow
Elizabeth Toof
Isabella Strathy
Alice Brabant
Beatrice Ingalls Porter
William Eagle Palmer
Marion Marjorie Macy
Ethel B. Youngs
Beatrice G. Tennant
Helen Peabody
Bessie Emery
Harry Deshur
Florence Amelia Kenaston
Hester A. Hopkins
Mary Emily Bailey
Arthur Kramer
Ruth A. Dittman
Laura Coates
Marie Armstrong
Helen Virginia Fray
Ruth E. Jones
Alice Weston Cone
Clem Duckey
Helen M. Ogden
Catharine H. Straker
Isabel Foster
Katharine Neumann
Jeannette Munro
Elinor L. P. Lyon

Henry M. Davenport
Ruth E. Abel
Delia Bancroft
Gladys M. Adams
Edward Gay, Jr.
Dorothy Douglass
Gaylord M. Gates
Evelyn Buchan
Margaret Everett
Ethelinda Black
Beatrice Howell
Elizabeth Grier
Atherton
Josephine Schoff
Frances Taylor
Irene E. Esch

PROSE 2.

Helen Louise Stevens
Jessie Pringle Palmer
Ruth McNamee
Doris Long
Marguerite Pressly
Henry Resch
Frances H. Adams
Ellice C. von Dorn
Eleanor Alice Abbott
Winifred M. Perkins
Gladys Anthony White
Stella F. Boyder
Catherine W. Gantt
Kenward Zucker
Irene Bowen
Elizabeth F. Rosenthal
George Pearce
Philip Wishnack
Alice Bell
Alfred A. Schwartz
Ina L. Briery
Marie Hill
Margaret Booraem
Richardson
Abraham Yankalowitz
Edna Krouse
Louise Theobald
Maxey
Constance Hyde Smith
Ethel West
Ward Reece Buhland
Josephine Keene
Annie Miller
Constance Richardson
Florence Doan
Elizabeth R. Hirsch
Eleanor Selden
Alice McDougall
Dorothy Beugler
Rosalie Waters
Stephen Cutter Clark, Jr.
Frances Hulbert Perin
Frida Tillman
Sarah Swift Carter
George Ripley Wood
Helen Carolyn Entz
Susie H. Sherman
Helen Irene Taylor
Josephine Hoey
Robert T. Williams

PROSE 1.

Althine H. Greenman
Dorothy Ramsey
Ida C. Kline
Elsie F. Weil
Nellie Shabe
Rebecca Edith Hillis
Constance H. Farnely
Anna Loraine Washburn
Knowles Entrikin
Thoda Cockroft
Paul B. Taylor
Corona Williams
Kathleen McKeag
Allen Frank Brewer
Mildred Kellogg
G. Huntington Williams, Jr.
James Harvey
Rachel M. Talbott
Dorothy Dwight
Mary E. Hazard
Marion Marjorie Macy
Harriet Eleanor Webster
Elizabeth R. Marvin
Ethel Thomas
Robert E. Naumberg
DuBose Murphy
Louise Phoebe Smith
E. Adelaide Hahn
Susan J. Appleton
Inez Fischer
Fred Dohrmann
Gretchen Henrietta Steiner
Jean Graves
Elsie F. Stern
Hope Daniel
Barbara Hepburn
Margaret Hyland
Gladys Allison
Garnet Emma Troll
Mary Louise Smith
Edna H. Tompkins
Pauline M. Dakin

Warren F. Kearny
Boyd Vincent Imbrie
Mary Laurence Eaton
Perle L. McGrath
Marcellite Watson
Vera Price
Katharine Brant Frost
J. S. Brown, Jr.
Bessie Kennedy
Mary Lawrence Eaton

DRAWING 1.

Edith Emerson
Webb Melvin Siemens
Frances Isabel Powell
Martha O. Cathout
C. Howard Melson
Joan Spencer-Smith

DRAWING 2.

Laura E. Guy
Ruth Cutler
Alwyn C. B. Nicolson
Lewise Seymour
Amy Saville
Theodora Troendle
Mildred Allen
Helen Aldis Bradley
Alice Mackey
Louise A. Bateman
Arthur C. Hoppin
Jennie Hazelett
Marian P. Van Buren
George Hoadley
Dora Lewis
Celeste Langdon
Young
Mary Klauder
Helen Ludlow
Victor Kolasinski
Margaret E. Kelsey
Madge Dunlap
Williams
Edward Carrington
Thayer
Alice Cragin
Henrietta Havens
K. Thompson
Willie R. Lohse
Elizabeth B. Neill

Josephine Bell
H. R. Carey
Lavinia K. Sherman
Herbert H. Bell
Gilbert M. Troxell
William W. Whitecock
Stuart Randolph Whitman
Reginald A. Utley
Katharine C. Miller
E. S. McCawley
Marguerite McCord
Ignacio Bauer
H. Ernest Bell

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Phoebe Briggs
Caroline Huggins
Eleanor Weston Lewis
Bessie Burton
Florence Rutherford
Smith
Elizabeth L. Clark
Mary Arvella Tyler
Alberta A. Heinmüller
Margaret Sharp
Adela Johnson
Emily Thomas
Clarence Gamble
Beatrice Milliken Burt
Judith D. Barker
Marion Martin
Beth Stoddard
Garth Sibbald
Nathalie Harrison
Lucia Beebe
Carl G. Friesz
Mary M. P. Shipley
Elizabeth McCague
Lewis Garrigues
Florence S. Herrick
Eleanor Williamson
E. Laurence Palmer
Louis Reimer
Martha A. Sharples
Ruth Ball Baker
Josephine Holloway
Dorothy Potter Bowser
Allan Langley
Earle H. Ballou

PUZZLES 1.

Louis Stix Weiss
Helen S. Harlow
Katherine E. Spear
Aileen Barlow
Dorothea S. Walker
Laurence B. Siegfried
Helen Wurdemann
Anna West Cobb
W. A. Wislar
W. S. Maubly
Arthur Minot Reed
Clarissa S. Hanks
Marion P. Hallcock
Mary Angood

PUZZLES 2.

Edith M. Younghem
Frances W. Wright
Helen Swormstedt
Bruce T. Simonds
W. McDougall
Elizabeth Dwight
Alice Dennis
Maria Dimpfel
Alberta Wynn
Arline Bacon
Mary Lucille Coffin
Anne H. Whiting
Meta E. Brunings
Mary Carr

LEAGUE LETTERS.

POPLAR BRANCH, N. C.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I wish I could tell you how much you have been to me since I have been contributing and especially this last year, when I have been working so hard for the cash prize. It seems to me that your poems have achieved a high point of perfection. I have to work, oh so hard before my poems attain that excellence, but do I care for those hours of labor when I see my name with others that have striven equally as hard or perhaps harder than I? You cannot imagine my joy the month when I found my name first on the Roll of Honor for of late my work has not received attention, and now I shall work harder than ever to win that coveted prize.

I thank you so many times for your recognition of my work.

Your grateful League member,
MARY YURLA WESTCOTT.

BOSTON, MASS.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to thank you for the lovely silver badge, which I have just received and which I shall wear all the time.

I have been working for St. NICHOLAS every month for almost three years, and although I have had my name on the Roll of Honor thirteen times, I have never had any of my contributions accepted before now.

And I want to thank you not only for my beautiful badge, but for all the encouragement that you have given me, and I mean to keep on working and trying to make my contributions better each month, until some glad day I may be awarded the gold badge.

Thanking you again and again,

I am your grateful and interested reader,

SUSAN J. APPLETON (age 13).

PARIS.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think this would interest you and your readers since it is my experience when I went round the world. We were going to Pompeii when Vesuvius was erupting—in order to see the ruins of the buried city. Suddenly the wind changed and it shifted the ashes on to us. It got dark and they had to dig out the train. Then we came out of that dreadful spot and landed at Pompeii. We could not get home on account of the ashes so next morning we drove to Sorrento and from there took a boat to Capri, where there is a beautiful grotto. Then after seeing it we went back by boat to Naples.

THEODORE NICHOLS (age 8).

PHILADELPHIA.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I really do not know how to thank you for the gold badge. It is hard for me to believe that it is actually mine—to understand that after years of seemingly fruitless striving, the highest prize of all has been at last awarded me.

It seems to me symbolical of my work in time to come; perhaps then also, after long effort, recognition will come to me. For the encouragement you have given me, no more than for the beautiful gold badge itself, again I thank you.

In another month I must bid the dear old "ST. NICK" farewell forever. Until then, at least, I can sign myself,

A devoted League member,

MIRIAM ALLEN DeFORD.

MY FAREWELL TO THE LEAGUE.

The hour is come when I must bid "Good-bye."
 Loth as I am to go, I cannot stay,
 For I see Fate, with half-averted face,
 Raise a veiled hand to beckon me away.

Forth must I fare, with the glad thoughts of youth,
 With earnest hopes and resolution strong,
 Praying whatever lay my lot may frame
 No sound of Pride or Self may mar the song.

Behind me are my childhood's sunny fields,
 Before me, dim and wondrous, the unknown;
 Here would I pause a while to say "farewell,"
 With tender thoughts, like kisses backward blown.

And you, my unknown friends across the sea,
 Whose kindness oft has helped and cheered me on,
 To you I send my true and grateful thanks,
 And ask your blessing ere I must be gone.

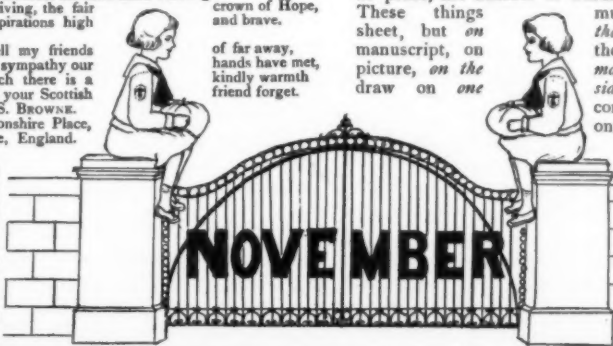
Whatever fate the future years may hold,

I shall remember the kind hand which gave
 My youthful striving, the fair crown of Hope,
 And kindled aspirations high and brave.

And so, Farewell my friends
 In thought and sympathy our
 And in the touch there is a
 Which never can your Scottish

MARGARET S. BROWNE,
 Glendevon, Devonshire Place,
 Eastbourne, England.

Other valued
 letters have been
 received from
 Annie Laurie
 Hillyer, Cordelia
 Colburn, Harold
 Gould Hender-
 son, Jr., G.
 Huntington Wil-
 liams, Jr., Mar-
 garet Stuart
 Browne, Mar-
 garet E. Hib-
 bard, Josephine



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY ELEANOR V. R. CHAPIN, AGE 13 (HONOR MEMBER).

Schoff, Rella Kron, Ruth P. Roosevelt, Arthur Davidson, Charles E. Mansfield, Herbert A. Crozier, Angela C. Darkow, Mary Mallet-Prevost Shipley, Ruth W. Seymour, Dorothea L. Lyater, Richard A. Reddy, M. A. Harrison, Susan Warren Wilbur, Harriet Ideager, Beulah E. Amidon, Mary Klauer.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 85.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 85 will close November 20 (for foreign members November 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in St. NICHOLAS for March.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, "The Land of Romance."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "My Favorite Book, and Why." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Pets."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "An Animal Study," (from life) and a March Heading or Tailpiece for the League, Books and Reading, or any St. NICHOLAS department.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of St. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added.

These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month

—not one of each kind, but one only. Contributions not properly prepared cannot be considered.

Address:

St. Nicholas
 League,
 Union Square,
 New York.



BOOKS AND READING

The Season's New Books

THIS department appears just about in the "publishing season." Preparing for the holiday-trade, publishers bring out their choicest wares at this time of the year. Thus it is important that lovers of books should be especially vigilant during these November days in order to become acquainted with the many good things offered them. The buying of books intelligently takes time and judgment.

You must devote some of these fall days to the book-market, even if your final choices are not made until nearer the holidays.

An "Aged" Boy

UPON an old tombstone in Salem, Massachusetts, is a curious inscription saying that "Mr. Nathan. Mather died October the 17th, 1688," and then come the curious words, "An aged person that had seen but nineteen winters in this world." Nathaniel Hawthorne said of this, "It affected me deeply when I cleared away the grass from the half-buried stone, and read the name"; but he gives the inscription as reading "An aged *man*." Hawthorne speaks of the apple-trees "throwing blighted fruit on Nathaniel Mather's grave—he blighted too," but does not explain the curious epitaph.

The explanation is given thus in a newspaper: "Nathaniel was the brother of Cotton Mather. He graduated from Harvard at sixteen. At twelve he read Greek and Hebrew and conversed familiarly in Latin, and he became distinguished for learning in mathematics, philosophy, history, theology, and rabbinical learning. No wonder the poor boy was aged at fifteen and died four years later; and think what good times a real boy might have had around Salem harbor from about 1674 until 1688—when Massachusetts colony

extended all the way to the Kennebec River, and 'King Philip's War' was raging, when 'Bacon's Rebellion' was taking place in Virginia, La Salle was exploring Canada, and a hundred other lively events were afoot. Young Mather seems to have grown old too fast, and to have had too much 'Books and Reading.'"

Real Athletics in History

THERE are some boys who, unlike young Mather, pay too little attention to books, and too much to athletics, perhaps. They will read eagerly about foot-ball, base-ball, golf, tennis, and so on, and neglect many other more exciting topics. For, after all, even if Waterloo "was won on the foot-ball fields of English schools," as it is sometimes said, it is more interesting to read of Waterloo than any athletic contest. For "breaking the center," or failing to break it, the charge of Napoleon's "Old Guard" is unequalled; and no line of Yale, Harvard or Princeton ever stood up against "hammering" as stood the thin red line of the English in the same great battle. Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, also, and its repulse, can bear comparison with the most exciting ninth inning ever contested even by University teams. "Play" cannot compare with "earnest."

Simplified Spelling

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S action in favor of spelling reform, though it went no further than ordering a few words to be spelled in the reformed style in certain documents, has brought on a wide discussion of the question. You may not realize the situation, but *you* are the ones who are to decide upon the future spelling of English. The older people are not likely to change; but the children growing up can, if they choose, bring the new spelling about.

We have already said something warning you not to decide until you have thought well over the question. Mr. Rossiter Johnson, an old friend of St. NICHOLAS, recently offered an argument against the change. He points out that since spelling is mainly for the eye, it may be unwise to simplify words when they are thereby made too much alike. Thus, we easily distinguish "the," "they," and "though." But suppose they were spelled by sound, *thi, tha, tho*? This seems a suggestion worth some thinking over. Consider *thoro* and *thru*. In handwriting, too much likeness would make manuscript harder than ever to read. Few writers make plain vowels.

Are Fairy-Stories "Babyish"?

ANOTHER FRIEND, a Baltimore girl, sends a list of books read, asking that we criticise it. But we can only commend it, with the single reservation that it contains a few novels fitter for grown-ups. "Fairy Legends of the French Provinces," translated by Mrs. M. Carey, we have not seen, though it is on her list. The same correspondent confesses a love for fairy-stories, and hints a question about whether they are "babyish." They certainly are "babyish"—the right kind of babyish. For they belong to the lovely imaginative world in which children are permitted to live, and wherein only the very nicest of grown-ups are allowed. Those who have "life-memberships" are the poets.

Famous Fairy-Story Tellers

WHAT a list of writers we should have if we should bring together the makers of our Fairy-stories! Shakspeare would come in with a ticket marked "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Tennyson's poem of the "Sleeping Beauty" you all know, Browning's "Pied Piper" also. Homer and Virgil tell plenty of fairy-stories, and all great literatures are full of them. Thackeray's "Rose and Ring" is a peculiarly delightful one, especially because of its pictures; and there are plenty in Dickens's row of great books, his "Holiday Romance" being full of humorous fancy. If such men were willing to write fairy-stories, it cannot be foolish to read them.

Do Your Parents Read Your Books?

How many boys and girls like their fathers and mothers to read the same books they read. Do not forget they have been as young as yourselves, and have probably gained manhood and womanhood without losing or for-

getting their younger days. Try them with some of your favorites; you may find new pleasure in theirs.

"Everyman's" Library

You are already familiar with the "Thumb-nail Series,"—dainty little classics in buff-leather; with the "Temple Classics" bound for grown-ups in green leather, and for young readers in blue, and with the "Knickerbocker Nuggets," in various colors. Now there is a new set—known as "Everyman's Library." This is bound in various colors according to contents of each volume—so that those on similar subjects can be kept together. So far the children's volumes comprise only old, old favorites.

Story-Books as Helps to Study

MOST of you are pupils in school. Have you ever thought of asking your teacher to write out a list of interesting books that will go well with your lessons for the term, and make them easier? Do not undertake too many, and leave recreation hours free; but a few good books will be the better liked if illustrated by your lessons in history, geography, or literature.

"Norse Stories"

A LETTER from Minneapolis says: "I would like to recommend 'Norse Stories' by Hamilton W. Mabie. After reading it I don't know who could help reading the Eddas and all the Sagas they can get hold of." We thank our correspondent, and beg that she will tell of a few incidents or episodes she especially enjoyed, and also let us know how to read them conveniently. How are they published?

The Wrong Kind

ALL of us read many books that are not "great classics," and we should do so. It is entirely right to read at times only as a pastime, and to read books that make no other claim to notice than that they are amusing. But even with these, one should make some choice. There are right and wrong sorts of amusement, and it seems to us that one of the wrong sorts is the amusement excited by the troubles and worries and embarrassments of others. Many things pretending nowadays to be "comic" are of this kind. They are coarse, crude, ugly, and foolish. You all know what they are, and where they are published; and the mere fact that such a description points them out is enough to condemn them.

THE LETTER-BOX.

KITTERY PT., Me.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—Kittery is a small town opposite Portsmouth, and as I summer here, and as I have seen all the relics in old St. John's Church, Portsmouth, I was very much interested in the article, "A Hundred-Year-Old Church," by J. L. Harbour, in the July number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Although the article mentions many quaint things about the church which were very interesting, I believe the author does not mention the fact that the same woman whose will provided loaves to be given to the poor, left a sum with which "ten cords of good hemlock boughs" should be bought yearly for the curious old stoves which are still in use.

There "boughs" are still bought year by year. The richest treasure of the church is the baptismal font which is of porphyry. It was taken from a Spanish ship and placed in this church.

Only one more of the many interesting relics will I mention, and that is a Prayer Book from which a patriotic Revolutionary soldier slashed out, with his sword, the "Prayer for the King."

Your interested reader,

HOPE ADGATE CONANT (age 14).

ALPHABET OF CHARACTERS IN ST. NICHOLAS.

BY ANNETTE HOWE-CARPENTER (AGE 13).

A is for Alfred, who had brothers two;
B is for Betty no mother she knew.
C is for Carrots of Newspaper Row;
D for Denise her dear Ned we all know.
E is for Essee of brave Navy fame;
F is for 'Frisco Kid—what a queer name!
G is for Gertrude of the Colburn Prize;
H is for Hattie, at whom Pinkey "made eyes."
I is the imp who to run away tried;
J is for Josie she'd a queer little guide.
K is Katryntje no girl was e'er braver;
L is for Lois who saw our dear Saviour.
M is for Marjorie, her papa was named Jack;
N for Miss Nina alas and alack!
O is for Oscar who the truth would not tell;
P, Pretty Polly who could draw very well.
Q's Quicksilver Sue, who came out all right;
R is for Rowley, by Henry made knight.
S is for Sinbad, regarded with dread;
T, Toby Trafford, whose "Fortunes" we've read.
U is for Uther, Arthur's father was he;
V for Van Sweringen in Barnaby Lee.
W for Wulf in the rushes laid;
X for Xantippe who was n't afraid,
Y, Young Lee, a funny "Chinee;"
Z is for Zixi, a witch-queen was she.

BRITISH EMBASSY, TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in the letter box of April that some one wished to know how rice is cooked here. It is boiled in a pot with a wooden lid, so that no steam escapes, and boiled for 20 or 30

minutes over a hot fire. But *no* rice comes to table with every grain separate, it all sticks together; and sometimes our servants use 2 or 3 grains of boiled rice as paste to stick things together. We have just had the news to-day of the disaster at San Francisco. Our Japanese maid asked me to-day if her friend (who has gone with a lady to Washington) would be in danger from the fire at San Francisco? I told her no, I thought that she was quite safe from that fire! Yesterday was the Emperor's cherry-garden party, and on the 30th there is the big review, to which I think I'm going. There are going to be special 3 sen, 5 sen and 1 sen stamps issued in commemoration of it—also some 5 sen post-cards.

From a lover of ST. NICHOLAS,
DOROTHY BARCLAY (age 13).

LA CASITA, LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My winter at boarding-school is drawing to a close, as in June it breaks up, and I go to London, where my father, mother, and I stay for about a month before crossing to dear old America, again. As soon as we get to New York we go to the country, Naragansett Pier or Bar Harbor, only I am not quite sure which.

I am very interested in "From Sioux to Susan," especially as *now* Sioux is going to boarding-school. I am looking forward to reading my May number this afternoon.

I have not been able to contribute to the League this winter, much to my disappointment, as I never have a minute to spare, all is so checked out for us; but as soon as I am in England, in July, I shall begin again. When I think that in fifteen weeks I shall be in America again, I feel half wild. Father says I am not at all an English girl now (I *really* am English, you know), and always calls me "Little Yankee."

Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes.

Your devoted little reader,
DOROTHY BUTES.

ROCKY FORD, COLO.

DEAR SIR:—I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS as long as I can remember.

Mama has taken it since she was a little girl and we have a big volume.

We live where the famous cantaloupes grow.

Here school lets out 23d of May and we thin beets just as soon as school lets out.

The beets are the kind they make sugar out of; there is a factory here and there is another 6 miles east.

We get from the Arkansas river the water the farmers use to irrigate the land; we cannot depend on rain.

Your reader,
KENNETH EVANS.

We regret that lack of space prevents our printing interesting letters from Mary Farnum Packard, "Wilmarth," Katherine Le Moine Grey, Nancy Smith, Marjorie Potts, Ruth Sweat, Edith Lieberman, Erica Rupe, Marjorie B. Corn, Susan J. Appleton, Harriet Henry, Walter B. Day, Elizabeth McConnell, Dorothy Jefferson, Robert Buckingham Patch, Minerva Dickerman, Louise H. Sprague, Ida F. Parfitt.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. Washington. 1. Waynesburg. 2. Manchester. 3. Los Angeles. 4. Wytheville. 5. Harrisburg. 6. Birmingham. 7. Huntingdon. 8. Binghamton. 9. Charleston. 10. Norristown.

CHARADE. Men-acc.

ADDITIONS. Hallowe'en. 1. His-story. 2. And-over. 3. Law-less. 4. Lap-wing. 5. Oil-skin. 6. War-lock. 7. Ear-nest. 8. End-most. 9. Now-here.

DIAMONDS AND SQUARE. I. 1. D. 2. Fop. 3. Donor. 4. Pot. 5. R. II. 1. P. 2. For. 3. Power. 4. Red. 5. R. III. 1. Bared. 2. Alone. 3. Roman. 4. Enact. 5. Dents. IV. 1. N. 2. Bet. 3. Never. 4. Ten. 5. R. V. 1. N. 2. Foe. 3. Noble. 4. Elk. 5. E.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. Cornucopia. 1. Crane. 2. Doves. 3. Torch. 4. Swans. 5. Slate. 6. Chair. 7. Molar. 8. Album. 9. Egret.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Harry Elger, Jr.—Lowry A. Biggers—James A. Lynd—Eugenie A. Steiner—Frances Bosanquet—Helen Sherman Harlow—Elizabeth C. Beale—Marguerite Hyde—Caroline Curtiss Johnson—Grace Lowenhaupt—Jo and 1—Mary Dunbar—W. Beatty—Jessie Metcalf.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from S. C. Lyman, 1—M. Wharton, 2—P. I. De Lano, 1—A. Mayo, 1—Ruth Truscott, 5—D. F. Cammann, 1—C. H. Gould, 1—E. H. Walker, 3—M. Boland, 1—D. B. Doan, 1—L. B. Brock, 1—Edna Meyle, 2—K. V. R. Crosby, 1—Marie Ruebel, 8—Samuel C. Almy, 4—Kirtland Flynn, 3—Arthur P. Caldwell, Jr., 7—Ralph B. Yewdale, 2—Isabelle Laugel, 1—Myrtle Alderson, 7—"Queenscourt," 8—St. Gabriel's Chapter, 6—W. G. Rice, Jr., 2—M. Russell, 1—H. Seton, 1—Muriel von Tunzelmann, 4.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When they have been rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters reading downward, will spell a channel that became very famous in March, 1862; another row of letters will spell the name of a great country.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To frequent. 2. To abolish. 3. Indian corn. 4. A masculine name. 5. Belonging to them. 6. Ancient. 7. Pertaining to the nose. 8. To try again. 9. A tribe of Indians now living in the Indian Territory. 10. A caper. 11. Acts. 12. The Indian antelope.

ELIZABETH PALMER LOPER (League Member).

CHARADE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My first is used on many a horse;
My second is to man a cross;
My third, a boy's name, often heard;
My whole, a strange, uncanny bird.

ESTHER S. SCHMITT.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

(EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and doubly curtail valued, and leave to abound. Answer, es-teem-ed.)

1. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a breastwork, and leave a light knock. 2. Unadmitted, and leave to possess. 3. Vegetables which grow in pods, and leave part of the mouth. 3. To raise, and leave a feminine name. 5. Irregular, and leave a rodent. 6. Dwells,

DIAGONAL. October. 1. Offence. 2. Scholar. 3. Battles. 4. Laconic. 5. Algebra. 6. Composer. 7. Blister.

SQUARES CONNECTED BY DIAMONDS. I. 1. Inert. 2. Never. 3. Evade. 4. Redan. 5. Trent. II. 1. Paris. 2. Above. 3. Rosin. 4. Iviad. 5. Sends. III. 1. T. 2. Pit. 3. Taxes. 4. Lea. 5. S. IV. 1. S. 2. Its. 3. Truth. 4. Any. 5. T. V. 1. Sport. 2. Polar. 3. Olive. 4. Raven. 5. Trend. VI. 1. Heart. 2. Error. 3. Arise. 4. Roses. 5. Treas.

RHOMBOIDS. I. 1. Mule. 2. Pare. 3. Dine. 4. Eden. II. 1. Sore. 2. Fear. 3. Drip. 4. Spot.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Temple of Karnak. 1. Pi-teous. 2. Pi-chald. 3. Pi-mples. 4. Pi-ppin. 5. Pi-llow. 6. Pi-erce. 7. Pi-ous. 8. Pi-ffero. 9. Pi-ke. 10. Pi-azza. 11. Pi-rate. 12. Pi-nion. 13. Pi-ano. 14. Pi-kein.

HIDDEN PROVERB. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

and leave a boy's nickname. 7. Sad, and leave luck. 8. Nobility, and leave an epoch. 9. A favorite candy, and leave to cram. 10. Mean, and leave to fortify. 11. Distracted, and leave an insect. 12. Conducts, and leave to tease.

The initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

FRUE K. JAMIESON.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. An Indian chief. 2. Slothfulness. 3. An ancient city of Phrygia. 4. Pertaining to a certain continent. 5. Communicated by signs. 6. Motion. 7. Antipathy. 8. Banter. 9. Annoyance. 10. One who admonishes. 11. The act of turning.

When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the initials and the letters indicated by 1 to 11 each spell a book written by the star zigzag.

M. W. J.

The Riddle-Box

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My initials and my finals each spell the name of a famous pilgrim.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to the sea. 2. A feminine name. 3. A fabulous tale. 4. Dominion. 5. Elder. 6. An outlying part of a city. 7. Anger. 8. Counsel. 9. Of little breadth. 10. Rubbish. 11. A young child. 12. Safe. 13. A Trojan hero.

MINABELLE SUMMY.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC



Each of the objects in the above picture may be described by a word of seven letters. When these words are rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters will spell the name of a place where a famous battle was fought.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of eighty-eight letters and form a quotation from Shakspeare.

My 54-18-45-50-72-79-29-40 is a character in "Twelfth Night." My 65-16-56-70-85-62-25-53-81-11 is a character in "As You Like It." My 67-55-7-36-33-60 is a character in "Merchant of Venice." My 13-31-46-32-16-30-34 is another character in that play. My 44-3-22-9-68-73-42-76 is a female character in "Hamlet." My 17-79-87-20-83-12-1 is a character in "Timon of Athens." My 75-43-45-24-38-5 is a character whose name appears in the title of a play. My 47-52-88-61-14-58 is the Christian name of a foolish fellow in "Twelfth Night." My 57-37-66-32-45-72-77 is a character in "Merry Wives of Windsor." My 48-63-54 is another character in the

same play. My 55-84-27-41-32-19 is a character in "King Lear." My 67-21-61-71-30-79-35-23 was Prince of Tyre. My 10-64-45-8-81-6 is a character in "Midsummer Night's Dream." My 39-82-51-74-59-12-15 is another character in the same play. My 84-67-4-86-49 is a character in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." My 26-69-2 is a tree held in superstitious awe in Shakspeare's time. My 28-80-78 is an old word which means to hasten.

AGNES R. LANE (Honor Member).

ANAGRAMS.

FILL each blank with the same six letters arranged so as to form ten different words.

Of when the night is dark I see,
Hiding among the maybe,
Two gleaming eyes that suggest to me
. of witches' work, perdie.

" my horoscope," then I cry,
". thou naught for such as I?
Thou as if on the wind to fly."
The cat heeds not as she hurries by.

Who to make life bright and gay
Finds room to insert (which the display)
A good word for all; but our fears to allay
Thou of evil spells that betray,
Once more, begone!! Away!
Thy spite but on thyself, I say.

ELLA H. COOPER.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

1. Doubly behead a tree, and leave an enclosure. 2. Doubly behead finely ground wheat, and leave a pronoun. 3. Doubly behead to happen, and leave a monogrel. 4. Doubly behead trite, and leave a beverage. 5. Doubly behead of a color between white and gray, and leave a common fowl. 6. Double behead a spy, and leave away. 7. Doubly behead a feminine name and leave a snare. 8. Doubly behead frequently, and leave a number. 9. Doubly behead a small table, and leave a conjunction. 10. Doubly behead the sap of the pine-tree, and leave iniquity.

When the words have been rightly beheaded the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of an Indian maiden.

JOHN HAYES LORD (League member).

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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I. 1. In November. 2. A large serpent. 3. A division of the year. 4. Consumed. 5. In churns.

II. 1. In churns. 2. Sometimes worn around the neck. 3. Sometimes worn on people's heads. 4. To annex. 5. In churns.

III. 1. In churns. 2. A small rug. 3. Taste. 4. The highest point. 5. In churns.

IV. 1. In churns. 2. A beverage. 3. Large, hollow grasses. 4. Fuss. 5. In churns.

V. 1. In churns. 2. A luminary. 3. A common shrub. 4. A short sleep. 5. In churns.

VI. 1. In churns. 2. To take food. 3. A hut. 4. A metal. 5. In churns.

VII. 1. In churns. 2. A vegetable. 3. Requires. 4. To unite. 5. In churns.

VIII. 1. In churns. 2. An uproar. 3. A sea-nymph. 4. A snare. 5. In churns.

The eight letters represented in the diagram by stars will spell a word often seen and used.

ERNST RUEBEL.

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